The Outlook

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Trouble in Turkey

There is serious trouble in Turkey. Not only has the war with Italy passed the first year of its existence without any sign of a cessation of Italy's steady success, but it has aroused a danger in Turkey-in-Europe feared from the start and now seen to be increasingly ominous. The ill success of Turkish arms has encouraged the most warlike of the races in Turkey, the Albanians, to insist upon certain reforms which should have been settled long ago. The Young Turks, having compelled the infamous old Sultan to abdicate, and somewhat intoxicated with their own power, would not give sufficient heed to the Albanian requests. The result was that the Young Turk Cabinet was last summer succeeded by another, a Cabinet composed of more moderate men, but not to be regarded as a reactionary body. The Albanian unrest persists, however, and there has been considerable fighting in the province. The recent massacre by Turks of Christian Bulgars in Macedonia has also had consequences; last week the Bulgars in Bulgaria crossed the Balkan mountains into Turkey to the relief of their brethren—it should be remembered that not half of the population of Turkey-in-Europe is Mohammedan. In Servia the feeling against Turkey is also bitter, especially since the Turks have crossed the Servian border. There has also been fighting on the Montenegrin border. The recent firing by Turks upon a Greek steamer has made Greece more hostile towards Turkey than usual—for the political societies in Crete are continually agitating for war with Turkey. Under all these circumstances, therefore, it would seem wise for Turkey to conclude peace terms with Italy as soon as possible, under cover of the necessity to protect the Turkish frontiers. Indeed, some surmise that a part of the trouble in Turkey has been fomented by the Turkish Government itself. With the excuse to the jingoes among the six million population of Turkey-in-Europe of an immediate need for home-land protection, the Government might conclude a treaty of peace with the Italian Government impossible at any other time. On the other hand, the Balkan States would not feel so free to attack Turkey as they do now if she were not embarrassed by a war with Italy.

The Powers and Turkey

It is therefore interesting to observe the present attitude of Italy and the other Powers towards Turkey. For a long time Italy has held the real balance of power in Europe. Her successful war over Tripoli has now brought to her an increase of that power. Does she know how to use it? That she does is shown by Austria's mobilizing of forces in order to insure a dominating position in Turkey, Austria rightly judging that the time has come for some Power to have such a position. As Albania has been the center of trouble within Turkey, so it also forms a sharp point of issue in Turkey's foreign relations. Albania wants autonomy, but two Powers—Italy and Austria—do not want Albania to have anything which might be used as a lever for prestige by either of them. The province lies along the pathway through which Austria wishes to extend her empire to the Ægean Sea at Salonika. Should Albania come under Austrian influence, Austria and not Italy might be the dominating power in the Adriatic as well as in the Ægean Sea; should it come under Italian influence, the Austrian advance might be threatened. The Powers, however, might well afford to risk demanding such autonomy for Albania as Austria has already demanded for Macedonia, and thus give to the two most important provinces of Turkey-in-Europe their long-coveted local liberty. But Italy and Austria are not the only Powers directly interested in the Balkan situation. Russia,

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THE BALKAN PENINSULA

as always, stands ready to see that the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano with Turkey (1877), which the Powers ruthlessly supplanted by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), are revived for the benefit of the Balkans and the Serbs. Had the San Stefano treaty remained in force, many Macedonian atrocities which have since taken place would have been far less likely, for Macedonia would have been under a Christian governor and would have enjoyed larger liberty. By reason of racial sympathy, Russia stands behind Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro in their attempts to regain rights for their suffering co-nationalists in Turkey proper. But Russia has another desire, one cherished ever since the Crimean War over half a century ago; she means to get the right to send all her ships through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean. While Italy, Austria, and Russia may be the Powers most directly involved in settling the Balkan question, the other Powers are also interested. Germany of course is behind Austria; for whatever Germany's ally gains in Turkey will redound to Germany's benefit in the ambition to make Austria and Turkey together only a stepping-stone to an immense new German colony in Asia Minor. The interest of England and France has largely to do with Greece. Greek independence could hardly have been won without the support of those nations, and now, though—against the wishes of almost every Cretan—the Powers have kept the autonomous island of Crete from becoming completely Greek, the faint vestige of Turkish sovereignty can hardly be maintained much longer. Out of the present conflict, therefore, whether there be a real war or only the desultory fighting of

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last week, we may expect that the provinces of Turkey proper will ultimately enjoy some at least of the autonomy which Crete now enjoys.

The Contending Forces

Turkey shows unexpected resource and readiness in defying the four states—Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece—which are ready to take arms against her. Their combined force of about half a million men amounts to about the number of men which Turkey is mobilizing. Two of the four kingdoms, however, have already begun to draw upon their compatriots in this country. More than a thousand men—some with the uniforms which they had worn in the Bulgarian army—are ready to set sail from New York City, in response to summons from the Balkans, and a larger number of Greeks are equally ready—all are men belonging to the reserve classes of the two armies. Under orders from the Greek Government—which has the prerogative of seizing for war-time use any ships sailing under the Greek flag—the Greek steamship Macedonia is now taking on ammunition for the Greek army, and will sail immediately. Although the Greek army did not give an altogether flattering account of itself in the war of 1897 with Turkey, it is believed to be now in much better shape; in addition it would have the example of whatever Servia can do and of what Bulgaria would be likely to do. Above all, it would have the example of the Montenegrin forces, which have never been conquered by Turkey. The promptitude with which some weeks ago the Turkish Government ordered the mobilization for autumn maneuvers within striking distance of the Bulgarian frontier now characterizes her summons to all classes of the army—not only the Nizam or first line, and the Redif or second line, but also the final Mustafiz or ultimate reservist line. This, together with the activity of eleven thousand men in the gendarmerie, shows vigor. In addition, the Government has detained a large number of Greek ships in the Sea of Marmora, and has announced its intention of using them as transports in case of war. Thus, though the "Sick Man of Europe" has been sick a long time, he displays great vitality in what many have prophesied will be his dying moments. Yet if, after all, the Balkan Powers are now strong enough to force him to return to Asia, what then? What would be the future of Turkey-in-Europe? Would it be divided among the great Teuton and Slav Powers? Or would it fall to a confederation of Balkan states? The latter would seem to be the more natural and probably the more beneficial event for all concerned. For if the Turks are to return to Asia, why should not the remaining races absorb the country? In other words, why should not Turkey-in-Europe be now split up among the Bulgars, Serbs, Montenegrins, Albanians, and Greeks? And why should not these nations come together for the purposes of common defense in a Balkan union?

Ulster's Covenant

Ulster Day passed with many expressions of the severest determination of Ulster not to accept Home Rule if it should be granted to Ireland, but with no violence. Belfast was preternaturally calm. Shops were closed, a number of religious services were held, and thousands of houses were decorated with the Union Jack. Sir Edward Carson, who has been called the uncrowned King of Ireland, was received with enthusiasm and taken to Ulster Hall in a solemn procession. The flag borne before King William III at the Battle of the Boyne was placed beside him; and when he signed the covenant, followed in turn by men of the standing of the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Charles Beresford, the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Bishops of the Irish Church, great numbers of clergy, and members of Parliament, by the representatives of public business, and then by a host of others, there was what the newspaper reporters described as an avalanche of long-pent-up enthusiasm. The covenant was signed in scores of other places in England, Scotland, and Wales—wherever Ulstermen found themselves. The covenant, which has given to these demonstrations something of the sober determination and religious fervor of other great protests in Scotland, declared, in effect, that, "being convinced that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as to the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive to our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire," the signers, loyal subjects of King George, pledged themselves in solemn covenant to stand by one another in defending equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, "using all means which may be found to defeat the present conspiracy to set up Home Rule in Ireland, and in the event of such

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Parliament being forced upon us we solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognize its authority, in the sure confidence that God 'will defend the right.'" Meanwhile the Government has made a contribution to the task by reprinting the latest Ulster population statistics from the blue book; these show that in a population of 1,581,696 there are 690,816 declared Catholics—forty-five per cent of the whole population.

The Political Campaign: New York

Last week political interest centered largely around the Democratic State Convention of New York, held at Saratoga. The nomination of William Sulzer as the candidate for Governor may be described as having been made, not at the behest of Murphy, but by his permission. The issue, in essence, was not whether the boss controlled enough votes to name the candidate, but whether the Convention should accept Tammany domination or resent it. Tacitly, Tammany's power to control was acknowledged, and Tammany's concession in throwing over Governor Dix and allowing the delegates some choice as between other candidates was gratefully accepted as a boon by a majority of those who knew that an out-and-out Murphy candidate would not have even a possibility of winning as against the strong tide of public feeling in favor of Oscar Straus. An eloquent protest against Tammany dominance was made by Thomas Mott Osborne, who said, pointing his finger directly at Murphy, "This man sits here now, surrounded by his satellites, dispensing favors, dictating policies, and granting the nominations of a great party. Look at him well, for you will never look upon his like again. For him the hour will soon strike, and upon the ruins of his fall will arise here the Democracy of the future." As regards Mr. Sulzer himself, opinion seems to differ widely among those who represent what may be called the Wilson, rather than the Tammany, Democracy. Governor Wilson himself indorses Sulzer as a man of high principles devoted to the public interest. But so strong an adherent of Governor Wilson as the New York "Evening Post" declares: "However independent he may have been at times, he is, and has been, essentially a part of Tammany Hall, against whose infamies he has never taken up arms. Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that, if elected, he will really cut loose from the influences which have made him what he is and kept him in public life." As to the Saratoga platform, it has been characterized by a paper which approves of Mr. Sulzer as a candidate, the New York "Sun," in these words: "Three thousand words were naïvely put forth at Syracuse mainly with the purpose of raking in together all the little detached units of public sentiment and of showing by superficial and vague rhetoric that this historic party is behind nobody in its sensitiveness to every ephemeral emotion labeled progress and reform."

Campaign Discussion

Among the platform utterances of the week was President Taft's optimistic declaration at Beverly, which may almost be summarized by saying that in his view everything is so prosperous and everybody so contented that it would be a terrible risk to do anything at all—naturally he therefore regards the new party platform as a "crazy quilt" made up of "new fads and theories, many of which are preposterous and impracticable." A companion picture to this optimism may be found in the crowd of twenty thousand people who, on Sunday night of last week, at the Madison Square Garden in New York City, sang the "Marseillaise" and cheered Mr. Debs's bitter and epigrammatic censure of all parties and all candidates; perhaps his most clever epigram was that in which he described Governor Wilson as "the kid glove on the paw of the Tammany tiger," while of Mr. Roosevelt he asserted that "he stands to-day on the platform he denounced within the last four years," and Mr. Taft he described as "the more or less celebrated jurist who had the honor of issuing the first injunction that paralyzed a railroad strike." And if another companion picture is needed for Mr. Taft's cheerful view of universal prosperity and content, it might be found in the scenes of violence and class hatred at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Mr. Roosevelt's long campaign tour ended with his return to New York on Wednesday of last week after a journey of over 10,500 miles. It will be followed by a second trip of over two weeks to some of the States of the Middle West, by a short campaign in Pennsylvania, and finally by a campaign throughout New York State, to begin with an address at Madison Square Garden and to be continued by several days of

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rapid and vigorous campaigning through the State, in part or all of which it is probable that he will be accompanied by the Progressive candidate for Governor, Oscar Straus, who has already increased substantially by his sensible, moderate, and effective speeches the almost universal high regard with which his fellow-citizens in the metropolis and throughout the State already held him. The last two days of Mr. Roosevelt's trip through the South did much, say impartial judges, to convince the South that the Progressive party represents principles of importance to the entire Nation without regard to sectional lines, and there are many predictions that at least two Southern States, Tennessee and North Carolina, are to be put into the Progressive column, while elsewhere throughout the South the Progressive ticket will poll a larger vote by far than any non-Democratic ticket has had since the war. An account of Mr. Roosevelt's appearance before the Senate Committee on Campaign Contributions appears on another page, and that general subject is also discussed editorially.

The Campaign Issues: Ex-President Eliot's View

A valuable addition to campaign discussion has been made by two letters published in the New York "Times:" one by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, advocating the election of Governor Wilson; the other a reply by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government at Harvard, advocating the election of Mr. Roosevelt. The Outlook heartily welcomes the publication of these two letters. The writers have set an example which might worthily be followed by other leaders of thought. It is a great advantage not to have the campaign discussion carried on exclusively by candidates, professional spellbinders, and partisan journals. President Eliot thinks that there are two principal issues in the present campaign: the prompt and effective reduction of the high tariff, and the extent to which the Constitution of the United States ought to be modified by interpretation or in practice in order to enable the National Government to deal with grave measures of social, industrial, and political reform. Governor Wilson and the Democratic party he thinks likely to accomplish a judicious and effective reduction in tariff rates, which he believes is not to be expected either from the Republican party under the leadership of Mr. Taft or from the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. The platforms of all three parties he regards as "much alike in promising a large number of social and industrial reforms, many of them long known to be desirable, but some full of difficulties and dangers." The Democratic party's platform and candidates, while less conservative than the Republican, are more promising than the Progressive, partly because "the public sayings of Governor Wilson are much more prudent and measured in regard to the proposed changes than those of ex-President Roosevelt." Mr. Roosevelt is regarded by Mr. Eliot as "an impulsive, self-confident, headstrong man, impatient of restraints and opposition," who "has shown himself capable while in power of taking grave public action—which, of course, seemed to him wise and right—in disregard of Constitutional legal limitations." Finally, Mr. Eliot objects to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy because it involves "another Constitutional change—the question of a third term in the Presidency."

The Campaign Issues: Professor Hart's View

Professor Hart defines the principal issue thus: "Is the American Government to be really democratic, as democratic as human nature will admit, or the affair of comparatively a small class in the community?" The Progressive movement is the product of a determination to secure the birthright of which we have been deprived. Single reforms in the direction of popular rights, such as commission government for the cities, the Australian ballot, primary laws, popular election of Senators, have been accomplished, in spite of the resistance of the political forces in control of the old parties. "The Progressive party is the first great National organization in our history to commit itself and all its voters to the programme of general reform." The dread of Federal centralization is not justified by National experience. "The Post-Office is one of the largest business enterprises in the world, and, with all its defects, is as superior to the sacred express companies acting under State charters as Theodore Roosevelt is superior to Governor Dix." There is much more danger of usurpation by corporations than by a single President. Some kind of progress is inevitable. If the Government stands still, powerful interests will make progress and create a private system and acquire vested rights difficult to dis-

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turb, and Socialism will make progress and in a little while will elect a Socialist President of the United States, "which means that the Socialist National Committee will be President. There is only one way to head off the danger, and that is the formation of a party which will take over the reasonable part of the Socialistic programme." Mr. Eliot's estimate of Theodore Roosevelt is not justified. "Those who know Theodore Roosevelt intimately know how far his head or mind is from acting on impulse, or from acting without consultation and discretion." Mr. Roosevelt's strong language is both justified and beneficial; justified because "it is not easy to be calm and weigh every word when bandits are emptying your pockets;" beneficial because his vigorous representation of the country's need of reform has been one of the factors in creating a National progressive sentiment. "He is the political parent of Governor Hughes and Governor Folk and Governor Johnson and Governor Wilson. Not one of them would have been Governor in our time but for the influence of Theodore Roosevelt." As to the third term, "not one voter in ten to-day is seriously influenced by the fear of the third term *per se*, or will vote against Theodore Roosevelt on that ground." It is probably too much to hope that either of the political parties will publish both letters for general distribution; and the political millennium is not so far advanced that the two parties are likely to combine in such publication. We wish that the New York "Times," which originally published these letters, would print them both in cheap pamphlet form and give them to both the National Democratic and the National Progressive Committees for general distribution. That our own sympathies are wholly with Professor Hart may be taken for granted. That Mr. Eliot does not apparently recognize at all the movement in America to throw off the bosses who have ridden both the political parties like an "old man of the sea," an effort recognized as important both by Mr. Wilson and by Mr. Roosevelt, we can only attribute to the fact that for the last nine or ten months Mr. Eliot has been abroad, and has not yet become acquainted with recent events and political currents.

The Invisible Government

One of the most picturesque and illuminating incidents of the so-called Senatorial investigation of corrupt political conditions was the appearance at Washington last week of Mr. William Flinn, of Pennsylvania, and the giving of his personal testimony before the Committee. Mr. Flinn for many years shared with the late Senator Quay the control of Republican politics in the State of Pennsylvania. It will be remembered that in the West recently Mr. Roosevelt was asked by one of his audience how he explained Mr. Flinn's adherence to him and his policies. Mr. Roosevelt replied that Mr. Flinn had been for many years intimately acquainted with political conditions in Pennsylvania; that he personally knew the corruption that exists in both the old parties; and that for his children's sake he desired to see some effective reforms of these conditions. At the Senatorial investigation, when asked by one of his inquisitors why he was an adherent of the Progressive party in this campaign, he replied as follows:

> I wanted a strong primary law; I wanted a corrupt practices act; I wanted public utility legislation; a law regulating child labor and the employment of women; a law fixing a minimum wage for women; a law preventing the sale of fake securities in Pennsylvania; in short, I wanted to bring into play the things that Theodore Roosevelt stood for, because I believe him to represent a complete plan of government. I still think so, and that is why I engaged so earnestly in this campaign, and I am glad that I did.

When further questioned, Mr. Flinn stated that he "wanted to get rid of the conditions that existed, but was not against the existence of a political organization. I believe in organization." Mr. Flinn's testimony had a frankness that was singularly interesting. He testified that he has contributed so far this year nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the political campaign, both for the work in the primaries before the Convention and for the Presidential campaign since the Convention. Of this amount, one thousand dollars was contributed to Senator La Follette's campaign early in the winter, before Senator La Follette's leadership collapsed. Some of this money was contributed in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt to States outside of Pennsylvania. One item he testified to was the sum of $29,000 spent in sending postal cards to voters, instructing them how to vote. But the most significant part of his testimony was his acknowledgment that he drafted with his own hand a so-called contract or memorandum of agreement several years ago between "M. S. Quay, of the first part, and J. O. Brown and William Flinn, of the second part, the consideration of this

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agreement being the mutual political and business advantages which they receive therefrom." The contract was never signed, and therefore never executed, and Mr. Flinn testified that he never intended to execute it when it was drawn; but nevertheless it is one of the most clear exposures of the political system which Senator Beveridge has called the "Invisible Government." It provided that all nominees, delegates, and legislation in the Republican party in Pennsylvania should be satisfactory to both parties of the contract. One clause reads as follows: "It being distinctly understood that at the approaching National Convention to be held at St. Louis the delegates from the Twenty-second Congressional District shall neither by choice nor by vote do other than what is satisfactory to the party of the first part"—that is to say, Senator Quay. Mr. Flinn stated that this document was a fair example of the political conditions prevailing in the Republican party of Pennsylvania under the control of Senator Quay, and it was his disgust at this condition of things that led him to espouse the policies of Mr. Roosevelt, which promised, for the first time, to provide effective reform in Pennsylvania. He added that his conversion from Quayism to Rooseveltism took place five or six years ago. Those voters who wish to eradicate from our Government the methods of political management which were typified by Senator Quay in Pennsylvania, and are typified in the State of New York by Mr. Barnes in the Republican party and Mr. Murphy in the Democratic party, will share with us the belief that Mr. Flinn has performed a real public service in giving his testimony before the Senatorial Investigating Committee.

The New School of Journalism

The Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York City, was formally opened on Tuesday of last week with addresses by Bishop Greer, President Butler, and Dr. Talcott Williams, the Director. One hundred students were in attendance. Dr. Williams, upon whose unusual equipment for the position, both on the theoretical and the practical side, The Outlook made comment at the time of his appointment last spring, called attention to the fact that twenty-one countries and States, including China and New Zealand, were represented in the student body; and that one-half of the men who had entered for the first year had had newspaper experience and had left wage-earning positions to enter the school. One-fifth of the students with whom the school begins hold college degrees, and nine are women. Many journalists have been slow to accept the utility of special training for journalism, precisely as old-fashioned lawyers were skeptical of the utility of the law schools. They had known no other preparation than the reading of the law in the office of some practicing lawyer. In the same way the commercial community, with few exceptions, once regarded special courses for business; now young men are eager to take advantage of technical training for commercial work. Dr. Williams defined the purpose of the training and writing in the school to be to secure accuracy and individuality of style; and called attention to the emphasis laid on actual work under conditions as nearly approximating those in newspaper offices as possible. This training in accuracy of expression, however, rests on a foundation of knowledge of history, economics, and literature, the aim being not to make men who will write "smart" articles in the shortest possible time, but men thoroughly prepared to do both apprentice work and the higher class of work which lies beyond for men of ability and ambition. The newspapers of the country have in their employ a large number of college-trained men; they also have, unfortunately, far too many men who have very little regard for the English language, and very little knowledge of it, except for purposes of sensational writing, and whose ambition is not to report the facts, but to make what is technically called a story. The diminishing influence of newspapers in this country has been due to the fact that many of them are in the service of special interests. A newspaper is a large enterprise, requiring very heavy investment of capital; and in many cases the man who furnishes the capital very naturally desires to serve his own business interests, and the opinions of some newspapers are more or less deflected from independence by the influence, not so much of the advertisers, as of the owners of the papers. For this reason journalistic opinion does not weigh as much in this country as it did two decades ago; nor do newspaper readers attach as much importance to the reports of events and the accounts of people. In the endeavor to make a good story facts are so constantly distorted and speeches are so often misre-

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ported that a general skepticism of the trustworthiness of the news pages has taken possession of the mind of the country. There are many journals whose work is on a high ethical as well as intellectual plane; but journalism as a profession stands in sore need of greater independence and of greater accuracy. In these ways, as well as in the work of technical preparation, schools of journalism may be, and doubtless will be, of very great service.

For Health and Cleanliness

To the average layman there is a formidable sound in the very title of a Congress on Hygiene and Demography, and when he reads the names of a dozen or more eminent medical scientists in whose presence at the Congress the professional medical journals exult because they have been in the foreground in attacking the problem of *poliomyelitis*, he may be inclined to think that the interest of such a meeting is for experts and not for common folk. He will see his mistake, however, if he will read the dictionary definition of demography, which relates to vital and social statistics and their application to the comparative study of races and of nations; and, again, when he realizes that the popular rendering of *poliomyelitis* is simply the dreaded disease commonly known as infantile paralysis. So with other topics. If the severity of scientific nomenclature is laid aside, it will be found that the recent Congress at Washington had to do with those things in which the citizen, for himself and those near to him, is intensely interested. For instance, lately The Outlook spoke of the subject of mental hygiene, of the importance it is constantly assuming, and of its fundamental value in human life and activity. Now, one of the most attractive and interesting features of the Congress at Washington was the mental hygiene exhibit, and we are glad to learn that after attracting the closest attention from both foreign and American delegates to the Congress, it is to be brought to New York, and may be seen at the College of the City of New York. This may be cited as only one instance of the innumerable ways in which, through exhibits, through addresses, and through the reports in the daily papers of important discussions, the Congress of Hygiene and Demography has excited interest in many branches of hygiene, sanitation, and moral as well as physical health. One day's session, for instance, took up the possibility of a vaccine for tuberculosis (Dr. Vaughan, of the University of Michigan, declared that its discovery was not only possible but probable), the question of pasteurized milk (with Nathan Straus, of New York, as the chief speaker), and the conservation of woman in industrial life (with a leading paper by Dr. Friedrich Zahn, of Munich). To give a list of the delegates present would be almost to make a directory of the great medical and sanitary authorities of the world; to report or to sum up their addresses would be to compile a work which would be as valuable as it would be voluminous, one which we hope will, in point of fact, be prepared and made available for the reading of the layman as well as of the scientist. What can be done by such a Congress is shown by the fact that the preceding session, which took place in Berlin five years ago, was followed by legislation in several of the great nations of Europe having to do with the hygiene of industry, and the passing of these laws was the direct result of the work of that Congress. It is evident that the Congress just held will, even more than its predecessor, make evident the need of co-operation between the Government and science in guarding the health of the people. How wide was the scope of the discussions at Washington is indicated by the fact that the "Medical Record" points out that they "ranged all the way from the control of rabies to the hygiene of the engine-room; from the education of immigrants to the training of health officers; from the causes of mortality in the professions to the statistics of appendicitis in the German navy."

The Situation in Lawrence

Trouble has broken out again in Lawrence. The threat was definitely made last spring by leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World that if Ettor and Giovanetti were convicted there would be "hell in New England." The beginning, at Salem, of the trial of the two men, who as accessories before the fact are charged with responsibility for the murder of Anna Lopezzi last January, has been celebrated with a foretaste of the threatened inferno. On Sunday, September 29, there were riots in connection with the commemoration of the death of Anna Lopezzi; on Monday, the day of the trial's beginning, a one day's strike of protest was called. Thousands of laborers, largely

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members of the Industrial Workers of the World, marched through the streets of Lawrence. They waved their banners in the eyes of the police; they forcibly prevented willing laborers from entering the factories; they violently insisted on proceeding with unauthorized parades. Frequent clashes, bloody although not fatal, ensued. Such is the story which the newspapers unanimously tell. In spite of the regrettable and unjustifiable violence of the strikers, if indeed the press reports in this regard are true, the reasons for the indignant protest of the laborers are easily discernible. The foreign workers in the mills at Lawrence (only about seven per cent of the operatives there are of American-born parentage) have been subjected to unhumanized conditions of labor—on that the evidence is clear. They regard their strike last spring not only as a justifiable but as a necessary revolt of outraged human nature against personal abuse from their foremen and needlessly low wages from their employers. They are devoted to Ettor and Giovanetti. They insist that the two men always counseled against violence, not for it. They are passionately indignant at the arrest and indictment of the two leaders on a charge which, not to their partisan vision alone, but to the unprejudiced thought of one reading the evidence before the Grand Jury, seems to amount to this: that during the two or three weeks before Anna Lopezzi was shot, Ettor and Giovanetti uttered sentiments which can be interpreted, not always without difficulty, as encouraging a riotous spirit; that this general spirit of disturbance was responsible for a particular riot on January 29, at which neither Ettor nor Giovanetti was present; that in this riot Anna Lopezzi was shot, some say by one Coruso, some say by Officer Benoit, all admit without direct intent; and that Ettor and Giovanetti are therefore to be held as accessories before the fact of murder! It is not surprising, although not entirely reasonable, that the resentment of the strikers should be rendered bitter by the fact that while President Wood of the American Woolen Company, indicted on an accusation of plotting the alleged planting of the dynamite in the Syrian colony, is enjoying his liberty and ease, Ettor and Giovanetti have been in prison seven months, without bail, pending trial. If it is true, as has been alleged, that the delay has been in accordance with the wishes of the counsel for Ettor and Giovannetti, they personally have no right to complain, but the people of Lawrence and of Massachusetts have emphatically a right to protest against the holding back of trial on charges of this unusual nature and of this wide public importance, no matter at whose request the delay was permitted. The Industrial Workers of the World have in the whole situation an immense leverage of natural resentment on which to rely. On the other hand, it is easy to understand the attitude of the authorities in Lawrence—that Ettor and Giovanetti were arrested, indicted, and confined by due process of law: that their guilt or innocence is a matter for courts to settle, not for mobs; that parades and banners are incentives to violence, and must be repressed; and that property, at all hazards, shall be protected. The two parties to the conflict cannot easily understand each other. It is to be hoped that the soberer minds among the laborers, who evidently lost control of the men on Monday of last week, will regain their dominance and keep it steadily. "Go back and wait a while. See if Ettor and Giovanetti get a fair trial at Salem," is the good advice given by a strike leader to the laborers. The principle which a distinguished member of the British Parliament recently voiced in Ulster, the workers in Lawrence are, unhappily, finding it easy to act upon: "The crisis has called into existence one of those supreme issues of conscience, amid which the ordinary landmarks of permissible resistance to technical law are submerged."

The Pope and Peru

Pius X has addressed an Encyclical or letter to the archbishops and bishops of Latin America on the subject of the Peruvian Indians. Of course, like the rest of the civilized world, his Holiness stands aghast at the revelations made by the official statement to Parliament of Sir Roger Casement, the British agent sent to investigate the reports of the atrocities committed in the Putumayo region of the upper Amazon country in eastern Peru. The Outlook has already described these outrages, and has recommended the establishment of religious missions throughout the region. They must apparently be Roman Catholic missions, as Roman Catholicism is the only recognized religion in Peru. It is a satisfaction that the head of the Roman Catholic Church has put himself on record as follows: "Our mind is stricken with horror, and we feel the deepest pity for that unhappy race [the Indians in the Putumayo

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district]. What, indeed, is so cruel and so barbarous as, for reasons often trivial and not rarely for the mere pleasure of inflicting torture, to put men to death by scourging or with red-hot irons, or constantly attacking them to massacre them, killing hundreds and thousands of them by murder; or to sack towns and villages, slaughtering the natives, of whom within these past few years some tribes have, we learn, been almost exterminated?" Thus does Pius X, in the twentieth century, as the New York "Freeman's Journal" points out, re-echo the words of Benedict XIV in the eighteenth century, a Pontiff who also interposed the weight of his authority to put a stop to the wrongs done to South American Indians in his day (1741). The publication of Pius X's latest Encyclical has been followed by the despatch of a number of Franciscan missionaries to the unhappy district.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

V—MONOPOLY

There are two parallel railways running from New York to Buffalo, one going to Albany on the west bank, the other on the east bank, of the Hudson River. A through express train from the West to New York on the west bank of the Hudson was, a year or two ago, almost habitually behind time. The people residing on the west bank who depended on this railway for their transportation to New York found themselves greatly inconvenienced. They presented a complaint to the New York State Railway Commission. It investigated; ascertained, we judge from the results, that there was local traffic enough to pay for the running of a local train; and directed the railway company, when the train was seriously late—the maximum lateness allowed was half an hour—to put on a local express to serve the local needs. This was forthwith done; and now the citizens living on the west bank of the Hudson almost invariably get their train within half an hour of the schedule time. This has been accomplished for the advantage of the citizens by the regulation of what is necessarily a monopoly. And it has been accomplished without lawsuit, without delay, and without any other expense to the citizens than the insignificant expense involved in the maintenance of a Railway Commission.

If there had been no Railway Commission, what remedy would the citizens have had? None. The West Shore Railroad is controlled and operated by the New York Central Railroad, which runs on the east bank of the river. The citizens could have made up a purse and brought suit, or they could have united in an appeal to the Attorney-General to bring suit, to dissolve the combination existing between the West Shore and the New York Central, on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade. Some years would have elapsed before this suit could have been decided. If it should have been decided in favor of the prosecution, and the combination between the West Shore and the New York Central had been annulled, still the citizens would have had no relief, for, as a great river separates these two roads, there is no competition between them in the carriage of local traffic.

The Standard Oil Company had secured by 1898 a practical monopoly of the oil traffic. There was still some attempt by independent companies to do business in competition with the Standard Oil. To destroy this competition, the Standard Oil was accustomed to undersell its competitor in his own field by selling, if necessary, at less than cost until he had been driven out of business, and recouping itself for the loss by the profits which it made in other districts. Independent dealers in not a few instances were by this method thrown into bankruptcy. If there had been a Government Commission with authority to regulate the Standard Oil business, as there is a Railway Commission with authority to regulate the railway business, the independent dealer could have complained to this Commission, the Commission could have investigated and forbidden the Standard Oil Company to continue its practice and have arrested any driver or agent who sold under a legitimate price and for the purpose of driving a competitor out of business. There was no such Commission. The independent competitor had no remedy. After more than a dozen years of litigation conducted by the United States Government, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Standard Oil Company is by its very organization a violation of the Anti-Trust Law, and has ordered its dissolution. Meanwhile the independent dealer has been bankrupted. A remedy which it takes twelve years to put into operation is no remedy.

These two instances may serve to illustrate in a concrete way to our readers the difference between the Democratic and the Progressive method of dealing with trusts. It is

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the difference between dissolution and regulation.

No one proposes that the Government shall legalize, justify, protect, or enter into partnership with monopoly, Mr. Wilson's naïve misunderstanding of the Progressive proposals to the contrary notwithstanding. The Democratic party proposes to destroy monopoly by dissolving into its constituent elements any combination which has obtained a monopoly, and to do this by legal proceedings before the courts. The Progressive party proposes to destroy monopoly by taking from any person or corporation the powers which make it a monopoly, and to do this by administrative action.

A person, whether individual or corporate, has a monopoly when he has such control of the production of a commodity as to render it possible for him to fix the price and determine the quality of the article. The Democratic party proposes, when the corporation acquires such power, to dissolve the corporation. The Progressive party proposes, before the person acquires such power, to put him under Government regulation and prevent his exercising the power. The Democratic party favors "the vigorous enforcement of the criminal as well as the civil law against trusts and trust officials." The Progressive party proposes "the establishment of a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, or such of them as are of public importance."

Theory and experience combine to demonstrate the futility of the Democratic plan and the practicability and efficiency of the Progressive plan.

There are several ways in which a monopoly may be obtained.

Government may grant a monopoly. If in a liquor license State the Excise Commissioners license only one hotel to sell liquor in a village, that hotel has a monopoly of the liquor traffic in that village. If a city grants a franchise to a railway company to run a track through its streets, that company has a monopoly of street railway traffic in that city. If the United States Government grants a patent to the Bell Telephone Company to operate a telephone, the Bell Telephone Company has a monopoly of the telephone so long as that patent lasts. In these cases the monopoly is obtained by direct Government action.

The monopoly may be obtained by private ownership acquired through purchase. The anthracite region of the United States is a comparatively small region. Some half a dozen corporations have obtained the ownership of this kind of coal. Through this ownership the very small body of gentlemen who practically control these corporations control the anthracite of the United States, and therefore the chief fuel of the Eastern section of the United States. A comparatively small body of men, by processes which need not be here described and are not very well understood by the public, have obtained control of a large proportion of the oil-wells of the United States, and so have obtained a control of the product on which the great majority of the people of the United States depend for light. In these two cases, and there are others analogous, the monopoly has been obtained by a combination organized for the purpose of securing such monopoly; that is, for the purpose of securing power to limit output, control prices, and determine quality. The purchaser of oil must take such oil as the Standard Oil Company chooses to give him, and pay such prices as the Standard Oil Company chooses to charge. The purchaser of anthracite must purchase such coal as the coal companies choose to give him, and pay such prices as the coal companies choose to charge. Thus the people of the United States in the one case, the people of the Eastern States in the other, are dependent for their light and their fuel on the almost despotic power of a small body of men whose authority to determine quality and fix prices is practically unlimited. The Democratic party proposes to meet this condition of affairs by dissolving the combination; the Progressive party proposes to meet this condition of affairs by testing the quality of the coal and oil which these combinations may sell and by controlling the conditions under which they are produced, and, if necessary, by determining the prices which the combinations may charge; and to do this it proposes that these and all other analogous concerns shall be subject to supervision and regulation by an administrative bureau, which shall always have access to their books and accounts, always have an opportunity to investigate and understand the way in which their business is carried on, and which shall also have power to regulate wages and conditions of employees.

These are the two methods between which

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the country has to choose in the approaching election: dissolution or regulation. Dissolution affords no remedy, and does not pretend to afford any remedy, for monopoly obtained by grant from the Government, whether that grant is given by license, franchise, or patent. And experience has proved that it also furnishes no remedy for monopoly obtained by combination.

The dissolution of the Standard Oil Company has done nothing whatever to decrease the commercial power of the men who control the Standard Oil Company. Nor is this the fault of the Company. That Company has literally complied with the order of the Court. It has broken itself up into thirty-four separate companies. It has assigned to each stockholder of the former united Company his proportion of the stock of each one of the thirty-four companies, with the result that a stockholder who formerly had one share of stock worth nearly seven hundred dollars has now thirty-four shares of stock in thirty-four separate companies and receives his dividends thereon in fragmentary payments, collectively considerable, separately insignificant. The reader interested to understand this division in detail will find it recorded in "McClure's Magazine" for August, one passage of which quoted here will suffice for our purposes:

> The Galena Signal Oil Company, sending out its dividends, had twelve hundred separate checks of less than ten cents each—six hundred of them for three cents. It cost a two-cent stamp and an envelope to send each one of these and a two-cent stamped envelope for returning a receipt; and, after that, in many cases the cost of following up and mailing out requests for a return of the receipts. A single three-cent dividend cost in postage charges as high as eight and ten cents. The three-cent dividend checks were not cashed; their holders tore them up or tacked them on the wall as souvenirs. And more and more the disgust of the small stockholders grew; and more and more they let their holdings go.

In consequence of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company many of the small stockholders have sold out their fragments of stock; the large stockholders have bought them in; the price of stock first fell, then rose in value; as a result Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have added $100,000,000 to his pocketbook, and the power of the men who manage the Standard Oil has been increased rather than diminished. This is what the Democratic and Republican parties—for the two parties agree in their trust policy—have accomplished in the case of the greatest voluntarily formed monopoly in the world. This is the policy which Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, and, we believe, Mr. La Follette also, are urging on the country.

What would the Progressive party have accomplished?

It would have put the Standard Oil Company under the direction of a Government Industrial Bureau. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to submit all its books and all its business to Government inspection, as the books and business of the banks are submitted to Government inspection. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to keep its books in such fashion that they could be understood by Government inspectors. It would have required the Standard Oil Company to issue to the public understandable reports of its business, with its values and its profits. It would have inspected all the output of the Standard Oil Works, and required its commercial oils to come up to a specified standard. It would have prevented the Standard Oil Company from underselling competitors in one district and recouping itself by high prices in another district. And it would have required a reduction of the prices of Standard Oil wherever the prices were found, by the inspection of the values and the profits of the Company, to be unreasonably high, and therefore burdensome to the public. It is not at all strange that those great trusts which have been organized for the purpose of creating a monopoly, and their organs, journalistic and political, are bitterly opposed to the Progressive plan and heartily in favor of the Democratic-Republican plan of dealing with the great trusts.

There are two objections urged against the policy of regulation as thus described:

First, it is asserted that this policy would destroy commercial liberty. Would you deny, it is asked, the right of men to sell what they will, at what price they choose? The Outlook answers unhesitatingly, Yes. The Government has already deprived men of the right to sell tainted meats, rotten fruits, adulterated foods. It already requires men to submit the things they sell to Government inspection and conform them also to a Government standard. It already fixes the price which railways may charge shippers and travelers, and the price which trolley lines and hacks may charge passengers. We would extend the authority of Government and give

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it the power to determine the quality of goods produced and the prices charged for them by any person or corporation which had obtained or was apparently likely to obtain a monopoly; that is, such control of its commodity as would enable it to control prices and determine quality. And we would bring the monopoly under such Government control, whether the monopoly was obtained by license, franchise, patent, or combination.

The other objection, or perhaps we should rather say another form of the same objection, is thus stated by Mr. Taft in an apparently authorized interview:

> What do you think, Mr. President, of the proposal of the third term party to control the trusts through Federal incorporation and regulation?
>
> It would create the most monstrous monopoly of power in the history of the world—a power as much greater, as much more autocratic, than that of a Cæsar or a Napoleon as the business interests of the twentieth century are greater, more dominant and far-reaching than were those of two thousand or two hundred years ago. An unprincipled man with such power in his grasp could perpetuate his authority, perhaps under legitimate forms, and become a dictator until his hold could be shaken loose only by revolution.

This objection is founded upon that inherent distrust of the people which seems to The Outlook characteristic of Mr. Taft and his party, and in a less degree characteristic of Mr. Wilson and his party. We think it was Alexander Hamilton who a hundred years ago pointed out the fact that men who control the necessaries of life control the people. Let a small body of men control the fuel, and another small body of men control the lights, and a third small body of men control the food products, and a fourth small body of men control the currency, and a fifth small body of men control the National highways, and these men, by controlling the absolute conditions of life, control the country. That there is danger of such control is patent to every student of present-day conditions in America. It is obscurely felt by hundreds of thousands of men and women who have not studied present conditions, but who feel the pinch which those present conditions produce. This control of the necessaries of life is now possessed by irresponsible men who cannot be called to an account by the people except through the long, slow, hazardous, and expensive process of lawsuits; we wish to see that control transferred to the direct representatives of the people, elected by them, acting for them, and answerable in frequent accountings to them.

The Outlook suggests nothing startling, nothing new, in this demand. For not less than a quarter of a century we have been urging upon our readers the alternative which modern commercial organization presents to them: The people must control the great corporations or the great corporations will control the people.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

The proceedings of the Senatorial Investigating Committee at Washington have not been those of a non-partisan and impartial body acting for the general public good. The animus of the Committee is too clearly indicated by the fact that it has devoted its time and attention almost exclusively to Mr. Roosevelt, and that it has so far given no attention whatever to the political campaigns of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, Judge Parker, or Mr. Taft, although the Committee states that it will take up their campaigns later. Nevertheless, every Progressive whose main purpose is to destroy the germs of invisible government by exposing them to the antiseptic sunlight of public opinion must welcome the results of even the one-sided efforts of the Committee.

In view of these results it is worth while to survey briefly the recent history of campaign contributions. In 1896 financial men were very much alarmed by the Silver Campaign initiated by Mr. Bryan. If he had been elected, the country would have gone at once on a silver basis without any legislation, since, under the law as it then existed, it was within the power of the Executive Department to pay the debts of the United States, or most of them, in silver or gold at its option. The contributions made by Wall Street in 1896 to Mr. McKinley's campaign fund were not made to secure any special favors. Mr. Herbert Croly, in his admirable and illuminative biography of Senator Hanna, says that on August 15, 1896, Mr. James J. Hill found Senator Hanna trying to raise money in New York City for the Republican campaign, but with only small success.

> The financiers of New York would not contribute. It looked as if he [Mr. Hanna] might have to curtail his plan of campaign, and he was so disheartened that he talked about quitting. Mr. Hill immediately offered to accompany

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Mr. Hanna on a tour through the high places of Wall Street, and during the next five days they succeeded in collecting as much money as was immediately necessary. Thereafter Mr. Hanna did not need any further personal introduction to the leading American financiers. Once they knew him, he gained their confidence. They could contribute money to his war chest with none of the qualms which they suffered when "giving up" to the regular political "bosses." They knew that the money would be honestly and efficiently expended in order to secure the victory of Republican candidates.

In the second McKinley campaign in 1900 there was still the same anxiety in financial circles, because Mr. Bryan was still running. Mr. Roosevelt was forced upon the ticket in spite of the opposition of both Mr. Hanna and Mr. McKinley; "although," says Mr. Croly, "he had behaved as a loyal Republican, he was regarded as erratic and 'unsafe,' as, indeed, he undoubtedly was from the point of view of an administration of the affairs of the country chiefly in the interest of business." Mr. Croly sums up the situation in these words:

> Against their own will Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna had called to their support the only man who could most effectively supplement their strength with the American people—the one man who could make the ticket represent the Nationalism of the future as well as of the past and of the present.

In 1904 Mr. Roosevelt's nomination was still opposed by Mr. Hanna, and was accepted finally by him and by the business interests which he represented only because the popular demand was one that could not be resisted. The Democrats, by their nomination of Judge Parker, sought to conciliate, if not to obtain favor with, the conservative business interests, but without success. The financial interests were afraid of a party which had twice nominated Mr. Bryan and which seemed to them erratic and unsafe. They contributed, therefore, to the success of the Republican party, as they had done before when Mr. McKinley was a candidate, in spite of their justifiable fear that they might have some difficulty in getting Mr. Roosevelt to take their point of view regarding corporation legislation.

There was at that time neither law nor public sentiment against corporation contributions to political campaigns. With a very few pronounced exceptions, the corporations made their contributions, not by the way of purchasing special and specific favors, but because they believed they would share in the general prosperity resulting from the policy pursued by the party to which they contributed. Thus the silver interests, such as the mine owners and smelters, contributed to Mr. Bryan's campaign fund, not because he made specific promises in return, but because they believed free silver would promote the general prosperity of the silver industry. Mr. Roosevelt never denied, nor does he now deny, that contributions were made by corporations to the Republican campaign fund when he was a candidate for President. What he does deny is that these contributions involved any promise or understanding of any kind, save that every man would have a square deal, no less and no more, under his Administration. This promise he carried out, and the hostility of certain special interests to him now is simply an increase of the opposition which the same interests made to his nomination as Vice-President in 1900 and to his nomination as President in 1904.

Mr. Roosevelt, as President and since his Presidency, has certainly done as much as, if not more than, any other one man to stimulate public opinion against the corrupt alliance of "business" and politics. He has advocated the law which now stands on the statute books forbidding political contributions by corporations; he has advocated publicity of all campaign contributions; and the Progressive party under his leadership has to-day made a fuller and more detailed statement to the public of its receipts and expenditures than any of the other parties in the field. Mr. Taft's managers have made no public statement of any kind; Mr. Wilson's managers have made a statement so far only of receipts; Mr. Roosevelt's managers have made a full statement of both receipts and expenditures.

There is one more phase of this matter which deserves careful consideration. The legitimate expenses of any organized campaign on a Nation-wide scale, whether political, educational, or religious, are large. If the people of the country do not wish secret contributions to be made by the "special interests," with the sinister influences which such contributions exert, they must make the contributions themselves. Printing cannot be done, halls cannot be hired, envelopes cannot be addressed, postage cannot be paid, traveling expenses cannot be met, literature cannot be circulated, and therefore the voter cannot obtain the information which he ought to have in order to vote correctly, without the expenditure of money. As we have already

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said, we have no means of getting at the expenditures made thus far in the campaign by the Taft or the Wilson managers, but there lies before us the complete statement of the expenditures of the National Committee of the Progressive party, both in the primary campaign preceding its Convention and its Presidential campaign since the Convention. We find, for example, that the Progressive National Committee has spent on the items of printing and stationery alone the sum of $60,000, and the total sum which the Progressive National Committee has been able so far to expend in both primary and Presidential campaigns has been less than $325,000. This expenditure has been made to promote the right of the citizens of the United States to a really free, popular government. This is the purpose and the effect of the Progressive party, as indicated by the fact that since the formation of this party almost every candidate in the other political parties of the country has called himself a Progressive. Even Mr. Taft is now claimed by his managers to be the only true Progressive candidate before the country.

Money is needed to carry on the work of political education and to make corrupt financial control of American politics permanently a thing of the past. As our readers know, we believe that the most effective agency for this great political and social reform is the Progressive party under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt. Those who agree with us are urged to send their contributions, small or great, to Mr. Elon Huntington Hooker, Treasurer, the Progressive National Committee, Hotel Manhattan, New York City. Those who give money to the cause of popular government in this campaign are really helping to lay the only foundation upon which other philanthropic and humane reforms can securely rest.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE

"I know I shall never know so much that I cannot learn more; and I hope I shall never live so long as till I be too old to learn," are the quaint words in which Bishop Hall puts the aspiration of a devout soul. His "Meditations" were always in the hands of General Gordon, a soldier to whom action was always the expression of high purpose.

There are those who learn through study, those who learn through meditation, and those who learn through action; and in the education which alone makes life intelligible all these methods have their place, and it is a blessed fact about this education that those who cannot use one method can use another. The happiest people are those who are teachable. In life, as in all the lesser schools, there are many who sit on the benches and go away knowing little more than when they came. The stream of knowledge flows past them, but they never drink of the life-giving current. The wonderful process which enriches others beyond the dreams of avarice leaves them as poor at the end as at the beginning; for it is possible to live in such a state of self-absorption that the knowledge of life never finds access to the soul to correct and interpret the knowledge of self.

There is no surer way of missing that knowledge of self which the Greeks held of such high importance than shutting one's self off from the knowledge which comes through the open door of sympathy with others and fellowship with that larger world in which we all find our homes. No man knows his own garden unless he knows something of the infinite forms of growth in the landscape which enfolds him; as no one intelligently loves those who sit at his own hearth unless he cares for those who sit in other homes. He who pursues himself never overtakes wisdom, and goes out of life as ignorant as when he entered.

They are fortunate who find large room for thought, for it is by meditation that what happens in us and to us is transformed into experience. For manifold incidents, much travel, wide contact, do not of themselves constitute experience. There are those to whom all manner of things happen, but to whom nothing becomes experience; outward happenings become experience only when we discover what they mean to us, and that which comes to us stays with us in wider knowledge and deeper insight. One may see a splendid procession and get nothing from it but a glimpse of men moving and banners waving; while to another it stirs a host of memories and gives wings to the imagination. The wonder of life may be a passing show to us; or it may be rich with suggestion and impulse. It may be like the idle turning of the pages of a book of marvels which mean nothing to us, or it may be a great revelation.

There are those, too, to whom action is only a form of external energy; a tireless

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going to and fro on the earth which brings nothing but fatigue. Action is sometimes a turning of wheels which grind no grain, a rush of wings which never move in flight, a hurrying of feet which travel to no goal; for action does not count in the making of character or the gaining of knowledge unless it is the servant of purpose, the outward expression of spirit trying to realize its possibilities of creative power or of useful service. We learn nothing unless we hold ourselves in fellowship with others, unless we seek for the meaning of the happenings of our lives, unless action is the forcible language through which we put forth the energy of our spirits. It is the reflex influence of outward happenings and activity that gives life its inexhaustible interest and its immortal value.

HOW I BECAME A PROGRESSIVE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I SUPPOSE I had a natural tendency to become a Progressive, anyhow. That is, I was naturally a democrat, in believing in fair play for everybody. But I grew toward my present position, not so much as the result of study in the library or the reading of books—although I have been very much helped by such study and by such reading—as by actually living and working with men under many different conditions and seeing their needs from many different points of view.

The first set of our people with whom I associated so intimately as to get on thoroughly sympathetic terms with them were cow-punchers, then on the ranges in the West. I was so impressed with them that in doing them justice I did injustice to equally good citizens elsewhere whom I did not know; and it was a number of years before I grew to understand, first by associating with railway men, then with farmers, then with mechanics, and so on, that the things that I specially liked about my cow-puncher friends were, after all, to be found fundamentally in railway men, in farmers, in blacksmiths, carpenters—in fact, generally among my fellow American citizens.

Before I began to go with the cow-punchers, I had already, as the result of experience in the Legislature at Albany, begun rather timidly to strive for social and industrial justice. But at that time my attitude was that of giving justice from above. It was the experience on the range that first taught me to try to get justice for all of us by working on the same level with the rest of my fellow-citizens.

It was the conviction that there was much social and industrial injustice and the effort to secure social and industrial justice that first led me to taking so keen an interest in popular rule.

For years I accepted the theory, as most of the rest of us then accepted it, that we already had popular government; that this was a government by the people. I believed the power of the boss was due only to the indifference and short-sightedness of the average decent citizen. Gradually it came over me that while this was half the truth, it was only half the truth, and that while the boss owed part of his power to the fact that the average man did not do his duty, yet that there was the further fact to be considered, that for the average man it had already been made very difficult instead of very easy for him to do his duty. I grew to feel a keen interest in the machinery for getting adequate and genuine popular rule, chiefly because I found that we could not get social and industrial justice without popular rule, and that it was immensely easier to get such popular rule by the means of machinery of the type of direct nominations at primaries, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and the like.

I usually found that my interest in any given side of a question of justice was aroused by some concrete case. It was the examination I made into the miseries attendant upon the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses that first opened my eyes to the need of legislation on such subjects. My friends come from many walks of life. The need for a workmen's compensation act was driven home to me by my knowing a brakeman who had lost his legs in an accident, and whose family was thereby at once reduced from self-respecting comfort to conditions that at one time became very dreadful. Of course, after coming across various concrete instances of this kind, I would begin to read up on the subject, and then I would get in touch with social workers and others who were experts

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and could acquaint me with what was vital in the matter. Looking back, it seems to me that I made my greatest strides forward while I was Police Commissioner, and this largely through my intimacy with Jacob Riis, for he opened all kinds of windows into the matter for me.

The Conservation movement I approached from slightly different lines. I have always been fond of history and of science, and what has occurred to Spain, to Palestine, to China, and to North Africa from the destruction of natural resources is familiar to me. I have always been deeply impressed with Liebig's statement that it was the decrease of soil fertility, and not either peace or war, which was fundamental in bringing about the decadence of nations. While unquestionably nations have been destroyed by other causes, I have become convinced that it was the destruction of the soil itself which was perhaps the most fatal of all causes. But when, at the beginning of my term of service as President, under the influence of Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Newell, I took up the cause of Conservation, I was already fairly well awake to the need of social and industrial justice; and from the outset we had in view, not only the preservation of natural resources, but the prevention of monopoly in natural resources, so that they should inhere in the people as a whole. There were plenty of newspapers, the New York "Times," "Sun," and "Evening Post," for instance, which cordially supported our policy of Conservation as long as we did not try to combine it with a movement against monopolization of resources, and which promptly abandoned us when it became evident that we wished to conserve the resources not for a part of the people but for all of the people.

The country life movement was simply another side of this movement for a better and juster life. From Mary E. Wilkins to Sarah O. Jewett, in story after story which I would read for mere enjoyment, I would come upon things that not merely pleased me but gave me instruction—I have always thought that a good novel or a good story could teach quite as much as a more solemnly pretentious work, if it was written in the right way and read in the right way—and then my experience on farms, my knowledge of farmers, the way I followed what happened to the sons and daughters of the farmers I knew, all joined to make me feel the need of arousing the public interest and the public conscience as regards the conditions of life in the country.

Here again I have been fortunate enough to live with my own people, and not to live as an outsider, but as a man doing his share of the work. I know what the work and what the loneliness of a farmer's life too often are. I do not want to help the farmer or to help his wife in ways that will soften either, but I do want to join with both, and try to help them and help myself and help all of us, not by doing away with the need of work, but by trying to create a situation in which work will be more fruitful, and in which the work shall produce and go hand in hand with opportunities for self-development.

Very early I learned through my reading of history, and I found through my association with reformers, that one of the prime difficulties was to get the man who wished reform within a nation also to pay heed to the needs of the nation from the international standpoint. Every little city or republic of antiquity was continually torn between factions which wished to do justice at home but were weak abroad, and other factions which secured justice abroad by the loss of personal liberty at home. So here at home I too often found that men who were ardent for social and industrial reform would be ignorant of the needs of this Nation as a nation, would be ignorant of what the navy meant to the Nation, of what it meant to the Nation to have and to fortify and protect the Panama Canal, of what it meant to the Nation to get from the other nations of mankind the respect which comes only to the just, and which is denied to the weaker nation far more quickly than it is denied to the stronger.

It ought not to be necessary to insist upon a point like this, with China before our very eyes offering the most woeful example of the ruin that comes to a nation which cannot defend itself against aggression—and China, by the way, offers the further proof that centuries of complete absence of militarism may yet result in the development of all the worst vices and all the deepest misery that grow up in nations that suffer from over-much militarism. Here again I learn from books, I learn from study, and I learn most by dealing with men.

I feel that the Progressive party owes no small part of its strength to the fact that it not only stands for the most far-reaching measures of social and industrial reform, but

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in sane and temperate fashion stands also for the right and duty of this Nation to take a position of self-respecting strength among the nations of the world, to take such a position as will do injustice to no foreign power, strong or weak, and yet will show that it has both the spirit and the strength to repel injustice from abroad.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE SENATE COMMITTEE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

AT ten o'clock Friday morning, October 4, a crowd stood on the sidewalk in front of the Senate Office Building at Washington, and on the steps leading up to the entrance. An automobile drew up to the curb. From it stepped out a half-dozen men. Among them was a man of stocky build, in face and action decisive. There was a cheer from the crowd. Lifting his black felt slouch hat, this man, surrounded by his companions, passed through the midst of the people, then up the flight of steps, and, entering the building, walked along one of the corridors. Inside there was another crowd of people who cheered him as he went by.

After having served as Vice-President for a few months, he had been President of the Republic for seven years. During that time he had created a new movement in American public life. Now, after a lapse of four years, he was a leader and Presidential candidate of a new party, the outgrowth of that movement. The Senate, under the control of the two old parties, had created a Committee which had heard Senator Penrose and Mr. Archbold, both implacable enemies of the new movement and its leader, testify against him, and had then scattered without hearing his reply. He had sent a letter in reply to the Chairman of the Committee, Senator Clapp, a political friend; but it was a month before he was given a chance to make a sworn reply. What those charges were and what his letter said The Outlook has in substance reported.

Theodore Roosevelt's appearance finally last week in Washington was to enforce and supplement his letter, giving the letter as well as his oral statements the sanction of his oath as a witness.

When he took his seat before the table at which the Committee sat, it was not easy to believe, from his appearance, that he had just returned from a journey of over ten thousand miles, in which on almost every day he had been continually engaged in campaign speaking. There was no sign of weariness. Toward him the attitude of the members of the Committee, all but one being political opponents, was, in every outward sign of speech and manner, entirely such as Americans would wish any group of men to assume toward one who has been President of the United States.

After brief formal questions, to which he replied tersely, Mr. Roosevelt, with the permission of the Committee, first placed his letter to Senator Clapp under his oath as witness, and then began a statement of the evidence and testimony he desired to place before the Committee. As he proceeded, supplementing the documents contained in the "Clapp letter" with an additional letter and telegram he had found in his files among the hundred thousand letters he had written and signed in the past fourteen years, both the Committee and the audience were silent with attention. They listened with obvious interest to his statement that all the evidence brought forward against him consisted of merely hearsay statements of men who are dead; they listened with evident approval to his assertion with respect to the letter purporting to have been written by Congressman Sibley, and alleging an arrangement to have Mr. Archbold come to see him, that he was always ready to see any man, trust magnate, labor leader, Socialist, prize-fighter, lawyer, clergyman, who had any real business with him, and that he would send for any man when there was anything to be gained from the point of view of the public; they listened with amusement, which he shared with them, to his reference to the visits of two pugilists on "some questions of public policy"—one of which had to do with Mr. John L. Sullivan's nephew in the Marine Corps; they listened with evident understanding to his exposition of his relations with Mr. Harriman in the summer and fall of

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1904, by which he showed, through reference to several letters and a telegram, that Mr. Harriman had come to see him with regard to certain political matters on his own initiative, to get Mr. Roosevelt's aid in inducing the National Committee to help the campaign in New York State, and not to render aid on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign; they listened with continued attention and interest as Mr. Roosevelt denied in general terms and specifically, citing evidence to support his statements, the often reiterated but never substantiated charge, first notably made by Mr. Parker, the Democratic candidate in 1904, that the financial side of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in that year was conducted on a basis of blackmail, by means of promises and threats. It was then that the most dramatic moment of the day arrived, for it was then that Mr. Roosevelt, speaking to this Senate Committee, called upon the Senate to expel Mr. Penrose.

Reminding his hearers that Mr. Archbold testified that Cornelius Bliss, who is now dead, attempted to blackmail him—an allegation that he, Mr. Roosevelt, declared that he did not for a moment believe—Mr. Roosevelt said:

> Mr. Penrose testifies that he advised Mr. Archbold to have the Standard Oil Company submit to the blackmail, and that he did it for fear they should incur hostility in certain quarters. They could only incur hostility of myself, the President, of the Attorney-General, and of the Commissioner of Corporations, with, I suppose, his superior, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor.
>
> Now I want to call your attention to the fact that they could incur my hostility only if they violated the law.

Then, turning directly to Senator Oliver, Mr. Penrose's colleague from the State of Pennsylvania, he continued:

> I have been Police Commissioner. If it were proved to me when I was Police Commissioner that any policeman had done in reference to a law-breaking liquor-seller or gambler what Senator Penrose admits he did—he, a Senator of the United States—in connection with the Standard Oil Company, I would have thrown that policeman off the force; and I hold that the Senate of the United States should throw Mr. Penrose out of the Senate on the admission that he has himself made before this Committee.

As he had turned toward Senator Oliver, Mr. Roosevelt had moved forward in his chair. "Now, for Mr. Archbold," and he drew himself back to his former position, "he testifies that Mr. Bliss tried to blackmail him, and yet he testifies that he regarded Mr. Bliss as an excellent fellow. He evidently does not see that there is anything objectionable in what he alleges Mr. Bliss did. . . . His complaint is that nothing improper was done for him by the Administration." Mr. Roosevelt declared that if any company acted in the way the Standard Oil had acted he would, if he were elected President again, repeat the "Abyssinian" treatment, with probably more success because of the likelihood of getting a better law for the real control of such corporations.

Mr. Roosevelt then supplemented this testimony from his opponents as to the lack of favoritism toward corporations by not only explicitly denying that any promise had been given to any interest that improper action would be taken on its behalf, but by noting that all those who had hoped for improper influence and were then disappointed are now hostile to him.

Turning, on the other hand, to the testimony of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Roosevelt expressed surprise at learning—as he had for the first time learned that day—that Mr. Morgan had contributed to his campaign fund in 1904, inasmuch as he knew that Mr. Morgan had not been pleased over the bringing of the Northern Securities suit or the method of settling the anthracite strike; and he confirmed Mr. Morgan's statement that neither directly nor indirectly had Mr. Morgan suggested that any consideration was due him because of his contributions.

After a detailed tribute to Mr. Bliss for his disinterested public service, Mr. Roosevelt turned to more recent history, and put in evidence a letter from himself, and a reply from Mr. Ormsby McHarg denying charges of the use of improper methods in securing Roosevelt delegates in the South.

Continuing his defense on the lines of attack, he called to the notice of the Commission the fact that Mr. Hilles, the Republican National Chairman, and Mr. Bartholdt, a Republican Congressman, had stated in the public prints that the Progressives had spent three million dollars in their primary. With the assertion that bearing false witness is infamous as truly as stealing, Mr. Roosevelt continued: "If Mr. Hilles and Mr. Bartholdt can prove their assertion, I want to know it. If they cannot, they should not only be required to apologize, but they should both of them be immediately driven out of public life."

The Committee explained through its Chairman that it thought it was fair that Mr.

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Roosevelt should have an opportunity to deny such a charge; but Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that that was not the right procedure. "It ought not to be necessary for us to answer them until they have shown good faith. . . . I think that Hilles and Bartholdt the minute they made such accusations should have been brought right up here and should have been told, 'Now, prove what you have said or stand shamed before the entire country.'" Mr. Roosevelt also called for the appearance of men like Mr. McKinley and Mr. Charles P. Taft for the Republicans, and like Mr. McCombs and Mr. McAdoo, representing the Democrats, and also Mr. Crane, of Chicago, who had contributed to both Mr. La Follette's and Mr. Wilson's primary campaign fund. As to the latter, he pointed out that such contributions to both sides—though in this case done undoubtedly with honorable intention—were very productive of corruption, as shown by the bi-partisan habits of corporations in the past. In concluding his general statement Mr. Roosevelt expressed his opinion that it was not quite fair to have postponed until this late day in the campaign the opportunity for the Progressives to meet the charges made, so that attention is riveted upon the contributions alleged to have been made to their cause.

For two hours Mr. Roosevelt was before the Committee making this statement. For two hours and a half longer in the afternoon Mr. Roosevelt was answering the questions of two committeemen. Most of these questions were in the nature of an argument, in the endeavor to prove that Mr. Roosevelt did not mean what he said he meant in his letters to Mr. Harriman, and to persuade him that he really knew about matters of which he had no knowledge. The first point referred to Judge Parker's old charge of campaigning by blackmail. In some questions about this, Senator Pomerene quoted from a speech of Judge Parker in which he argued that the Roosevelt campaign was based on what amounted to blackmail from the fact that the Republican National Chairman in charge of the campaign had been at the head of the Department in which one of the bureaus had certain powers of investigating corporations. Senator Pomerene declared that the charge was "rather by inference." "It is," said Mr. Roosevelt, "one by innuendo. And, Senator, I object more to a charge by innuendo than I do to one directly. I like a man to be game and say what he means. I do not like him to sneak around." And Senator Pomerene answered, "That is true."

In connection with this subject, and in answer to questions, Mr. Roosevelt also pointed out the change in public opinion that had taken place in regard to campaign contributions from corporations. And he recalled how a similar change had taken place with regard to the ballot, so that whereas once it was all right to go in a polling booth with a voter, now to do so would bring upon one moral obloquy. On another occasion reference was made to Mr. Roosevelt's phrase "practical men" used in a letter to Mr. Harriman. Mr. Roosevelt had said while testifying that he believed it was essential to have in public life men who were not only idealists but also practical men. In the course of his questioning Senator Pomerene asked: "As a practical man, would you naturally think that some of these people might be expecting favors?" "As a practical man of high ideals," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "who has always endeavored to put his high ideals into practice, I think any man who would believe that he would get any consideration from making any contribution to me was either a crook or a fool." The audience liked that.

The audience was somewhat amused once at the fact that Mr. Roosevelt found it difficult either to affirm or deny that he was acquainted with a certain man named. In one instance Mr. Roosevelt, on learning that a man whose name he did not recognize had contributed liberally to the Progressive primary campaign, promised to make his acquaintance at once. And he capped the climax with regard to campaign contributions by the story he told of Mr. Hooker, who had put into the treasury a newspaper clipping stating that the Progressives had raised $900,000! "I have in the treasury $1.67," Mr. Hooker had said, "and I have put this clipping in because it makes me feel opulent."

With this story Mr. Roosevelt's testimony came to an end, and he was excused. Gossip says that some of the correspondents of hostile newspapers were uneasy for the rest of the afternoon and evening over their task of trying to show that the Colonel was deeper, as it were, in the mire. This, however, is mere gossip, and gossip has no place in any account that has to deal with newspapers or political campaign charges, as everybody knows.

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FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

WILSON VERSUS ROOSEVELT

IN his recent speeches Governor Wilson has especially attacked two Progressive planks, namely, the proposal to regulate the trusts by a Federal Industrial Commission and the proposal to regulate the tariff by a scientific commission.

THE TRUSTS

"The trusts . . . have not grown," said Governor Wilson, speaking at Springfield, Massachusetts:

They have been manufactured, and not by natural processes but by the will, the deliberate planning, of men who were more powerful than their neighbors in the business world.

"We have got to see that the little fellows are protected," said Mr. Wilson, speaking at Minneapolis, "and that means that we have got to meet the just criticism of the old unrestricted competitive system." Mr. Wilson continued, as reported:

Men who have built up these great monopolistic enterprises, for they virtually are such, have been right in saying that the whole system was of a character to be destructive. . . . The only way to stop that is not by legalizing the enterprises that have done the destroying, but by seeing that no more destroying is done. And that is what I call regulated competition.

The Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.) thus voices the comment of Governor Wilson's newspaper supporters:

Rooseveltism now means regulated monopoly and industrial centralization so far flung as to menace not only the liberty of the individual wage-earner, but the freedom of the labor unions themselves. . . . We do not say that experience may not in time demonstrate that, in certain lines, great industrial combinations will not so far consolidate and fortify their positions as to compel the Government to take them under its active supervision and control, but, in the present period, that stage in our experience has not arrived. The immediate future calls for a fair and sufficient test of regulated competition, for which Governor Wilson stands. His attack on regulated monopoly is, therefore, justified, and it is difficult to believe that the country is ready to move faster in this respect than his policy contemplates.

In his Detroit speech, as reported, Mr. Wilson thus defines Mr. Roosevelt's attitude:

I understand that his conclusion was (he does not say this, but this must be the inference) that the trusts had come to stay and that it was not possible to put them out of business, that it was not possible to check their supremacy.

Later, in Kansas, Mr. Roosevelt remarked:

Mr. Wilson states in rather disingenuous form—for he says it is a matter of inference from what I say—that I had said it was not possible to check the supremacy of the trusts. Now if Mr. Wilson does not know that this is an absolute misstatement, it is due to his deliberate refusal to read what I have said and what the platform has said. My statement is the direct reverse of that which Mr. Wilson alleges. I stated that *his* plan . . . would leave the supremacy of the trusts unchallenged, but that . . . *our* plan for an extension of Governmental power will establish the Government in absolute and complete supremacy over the trusts.

The Chicago "Tribune" (Prog.), in agreement with Mr. Roosevelt, says:

The trusts arose because in this great Nation it is more economical to do certain kinds of business on a Nation-wide scale than in any other way. As long as this remains true, the trusts will remain here. The trusts cannot and should not be "busted;" but they can and should be regulated by the Nation as a whole for the Nation as a whole.

Not all Democratic journals subscribe to Governor Wilson's programme. The New York "American" (Dem.) is one of the few exceptions. It remarks:

Just two remedies are proposed for checking the oppression of monopoly as it exists to-day—the regulation of monopoly by the Government, or, as Governor Wilson suggests, the regulation of competition.

To the regulation of monopoly he objects on the ground that Government must thereby "recognize monopoly" and enter into partnership with it.

Governor Wilson's alternative plan for regulating competition has been tried but once, and that was when the Supreme Court of the United States undertook to regulate competition by ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. . . . The result in that particular instance was not satisfactory. Competition was regulated by specific order to the competitors, forbidding them to do all sorts of things which were in unreasonable restraint of trade. The monopoly was left unregulated. The price of oil has been increased to the consumer and the value of the securities of the Standard Oil Com-

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pany has been swollen by five hundred million dollars. . . .

Governor Wilson has yet to explain his plan for the regulation of competition. . . .

Mr. Hearst has said that an industrial commission, like the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the judges to serve for limited terms, is an immediate and effective method. What is Governor Wilson's method?

In his Detroit speech Governor Wilson remarked that during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidential term "trusts grew faster and more numerously than in any other administration." "Undoubtedly Governor Wilson knows as well as any other intelligent citizen," remarks the Philadelphia "North American" (Prog.), "that the trusts formed and the flotations consummated during Roosevelt's Presidency really had their origin years before. . . . But, as Governor Wilson also knows, it was Theodore Roosevelt who, as President, first grappled with this menace." This paper adds:

If, however, the formation of trusts during the Roosevelt term is counted by Governor Wilson a legitimate weapon of argument, he will not object to a further inquiry into the subject as it affects his own career.

He is Governor of New Jersey; has been for two years. Is he aware of the fact that that State is notorious throughout the Union as the spawning-ground of the most odious and flagrantly criminal trusts the world has ever seen? What has he to say to the notorious fact, perfectly familiar to him, that New Jersey has deliberately doctored its laws so as to attract to it for incorporation the predatory interests of the entire country? . . . We shall cite a few of the more notorious instances of the policy pursued in Governor Wilson's State.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, with $98,000,000 of stock, boasts a New Jersey license to prey. The Woolen Trust, with $69,000,000 of stock, hails from Trenton. The Shoe Machinery Trust ($38,000,000), the special target of Louis D. Brandeis, one of Wilson's ablest supporters, flies the flag of New Jersey. The Glucose Trust ($88,000,000) had New Jersey's license to flood Pennsylvania with the doped stuff which Cassidy forced it to withdraw. The Sugar Trust, with its $90,000,000 of stock and its thieving propensities, was incorporated in New Jersey. Yea, the billion-and-a-half-dollar Steel Trust itself is the corporate product of that State's system.

Not to weary the reader, we shall merely mention a few others: The Beet Sugar Trust, $20,000,000; the Guggenheim Smelting Trust, $100,000,000; the Leather Trust, $113,000,000; the Powder Trust, $61,000,000, which found New Jersey even more generous than Delaware; the Tobacco and Snuff Trusts, $75,000,000; the Distillery Trust, $48,000,000; the Rubber Trust, $94,000,000; J. P. Morgan's Shipping Trust, $179,000,000; the Lead Trust, $25,000,000—all of them operating from the shelter of New Jersey's hospitable laws.

And these, by the way, are the very trusts which Governor Wilson speciously seeks to charge upon the Roosevelt administration!

AN INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

Speaking at Minneapolis, Governor Wilson said, as reported, that the leaders of the third party started out with this proposition:

That the big combinations which now control business are inevitable, and that the best we can do is to establish an industrial commission which will take charge of them and see that they are good to us.

At Buffalo Mr. Wilson defined the matter as follows:

As to the monopolies which Mr. Roosevelt proposes to legalize and to welcome, I know that they are so many cars of Juggernaut, and I do not look forward with pleasure to the time when the Juggernauts are licensed and driven by commissioners of the United States.

The Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind. Dem.) thus summarizes the opinion of other Democratic papers on the Progressive plank:

"Our commission must attack unfair competition." Well, that is far less than the Sherman Anti-Trust Law says. Mr. Roosevelt's platform does not say what is "unfair competition," nor does it say what methods of attack are to be used.

"Our platform says explicitly that our commission must attack false capitalization and political privileges." Well, what is false capitalization, and what is political privilege? From whom does it come? On whom does it fall?

"Our platform says our commission must by continued, trained watchfulness guard and keep open all the highways of American commerce." Mr. Roosevelt cannot expect the country to attach any real importance to such expressions as these. It is difficult to read in them any meaning and purpose whatever.

But let Mr. Roosevelt himself speak. In his Helena, Montana, speech he remarked:

A couple of days ago Mr. Wilson in a speech in New York said that a body of men would not have the wisdom necessary to enable them to regulate the industrial progress of the country. There is no more difficulty in regulating the Standard Oil or the Steel corporation than in regulating a big railway.

We have actually made the Inter-State Commerce Law work. We have found by the test of actual work that the way to control the railways is by increasing the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—by regulating and controlling those railways, and not by any development of the Anti-Trust Law.

What I want to see done with our industrial concerns is to see an inter-State industrial commission and board which shall handle the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and every big trust through administrative action, just as the Inter-State Commerce Com-

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mission handles the railways, and with a power extended beyond that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Mr. Wilson need not bother himself finding men to administer such a law. If he cannot find them, I will.

Speaking of the Progressives in connection with the control of the trusts by an industrial commission, Governor Wilson remarked, as reported:

They even propose to remedy the results by the very means by which they were produced, namely, the partnership of the Government in the management of big business. I, for my part, can never bring myself to accept the proposal that the Government, by regulation, shall act through the trusts for the people.

To this Mr. Roosevelt later replied:

It is sheer nonsense to say that there has ever been any partnership of the Government in the management of such great typical trusts of the day as the Standard Oil Trust. . . . A Federal examiner can go into a bank at any time and make the most minute examination and can issue orders as to what the bank is to do as regards the vital features of its business.

Now we propose to do with Standard Oil, for instance, practically what is now done with the banks. Mr. Wilson's proposal is to do nothing with the Standard Oil Company, but merely to continue the utterly inefficient type of action prevalent under the Taft Administration, for no amendment of detail will ever make this effort at regulation by lawsuits successful.

The Progressive proposition is to give to a Governmental Commission substantially such power over the Standard Oil Company as that which the Comptroller of the Currency now exercises over the National banks.

As to Mr. Wilson's statement that under the Progressives corporations would control the labor market, Mr. Roosevelt replied:

There is a very simple way of testing the worth of this statement. Has the Inter-State Commerce Law put the workingman more in the power of the railways? Let Mr. Wilson answer this question.

As to the industrial commission's development into an enginery of oppression, the Gloversville, New York, "Herald" (Prog.) declares:

The Progressives do not propose to put such a weapon into the hands of a ruling class. They propose that there shall be no ruling class; that the people shall rule; that the people shall be the Government.

MR. GARY AND MR. PERKINS

In his Minneapolis speech Governor Wilson asserted that the plan of trust regulation by commission really originated with Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mr. George W. Perkins, of the Steel and Harvester Companies, and added, as reported:

Carry out the plan of Mr. Gary and Mr. Perkins and you will have given a control in the market for labor which will suit these gentlemen perfectly. They don't want competitors in the market for labor.

In his speech at Trinidad, Colorado, Mr. Roosevelt replied as follows:

Not once only, but again and again, in Messages to Congress and speech after speech, while I was President I advocated the method proposed by the Progressives for handling the trust question, which is practically the principle applied in the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

I wish to call attention at this time to the fact that, as far as I know, the overwhelming majority of men who control both the Steel Corporation and the Harvester Trust are supporting either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson.

The New York "Globe" (Rep.) concludes thus:

It is increasingly difficult to pump up enthusiasm for Governor Wilson and Mr. Brandeis as they warm over and restate propositions that have so often and so vainly been proclaimed—namely, that monopoly must be prevented and competition restored. . . .

The campaign has gone on far enough to suggest that, whether Mr. Taft is re-elected or Governor Wilson is elected, there is to be four years more of what we have had for twenty years—that is, nothing except futile lawsuits and disturbing prosecutions that reduce no prices and open no new opportunities to the many.

THE TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF

Says the Washington "Times" (Prog.): "It seems to be Governor Wilson's impression that the trusts must be reached through a drastic downward revision of the tariff. Certainly, Mr. Wilson declared at Hartford: 'The chief seat of privilege in the United States is the tariff.'" In his Columbus speech Mr. Wilson also asserted, as reported:

Prices have risen all over the world, but much faster and very much higher in high tariff countries, where monopoly was protected, than in low tariff countries, where competition excluded monopoly. And the chief cause of high prices in America is that the markets are controlled. They can be controlled because the tariff screens them from the economic forces which establish prices in the markets of the world at large.

To this Mr. Roosevelt later replied:

Mr. Wilson has said that prices have risen all over the world much faster and very much higher in high tariff than in free trade countries. This statement is incorrect, and the slightest

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study of the conditions of Germany and England will show that it is incorrect. The strain of living has increased more in England during the last forty years than in Germany during the last forty years, and yet England is a free trade and Germany a protective tariff country. The same holds true as between free trade England and protected France.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey comments as follows in "Munsey's Magazine:"

That the cost of living is high is certain; that it is very much higher than it was a dozen years ago is equally certain.

If the tariff had increased correspondingly in this same period we might well assume that it is, as the Democratic party asserts, responsible for the high cost of living. But the fact is that the tariff is no higher now than it was a dozen years ago; is no higher than it was under McKinley and Roosevelt, and yet the price of living has greatly advanced.

Queries the Milwaukee "Journal" (Rep.): "Can any man honestly say he knows where Governor Wilson stands on the tariff or what he proposes to do if elected?" It says:

The incredibly fatuous tariff plank in his party platform actually "demands" the elimination of the protective principle from our tariff. Governor Wilson made haste to disclaim personally that delirious nonsense in his acceptance speech. But shortly thereafter he threw a line to the huffed free-traders by declaring that protective duties are a drag on industry and an injury to the wage-earners.

A few weeks later, lo, he beams on the protectionist Democrats and proclaims that he is for protecting American industries!

A more prominent Republican paper, the New York "Tribune," gives this account:

Within the last three weeks the Democratic nominee has taken three absolutely inconsistent attitudes toward tariff revision. He has said at one time that tariff duties are a restraint on American productivity, and injure not only the community at large but even the workman and the manufacturer in industries directly affected by the tariff. . . . Governor Wilson has said that it is furthest from his ideas to modify the existing protective system, except with the greatest deliberation and caution. . . . Finally, he has said that since the Government needs revenue from a tariff on imports it is useless to talk about abolishing import taxes.

The Des Moines, Iowa, "Register and Leader" (Rep.) says:

The second visit of Governor Wilson to Iowa will serve to bring out much more plainly than the first visit the essentially doctrinaire nature of his campaign against the tariff.

Behind Governor Wilson the cultured scholar, the pleasing public speaker, and the genial gentleman, is Governor Wilson the inbred and ingrained strict construction Democrat, hostile to a protective tariff on academic grounds, coming to the consideration of the business interests of the country not as a practical man of affairs, but as a closet economist.

As to the Democratic tariff plank, Mr. Roosevelt said at Minneapolis:

If the tariff plank of the Democrats is not telling the truth, of course I need not discuss it with them. If it is telling the truth and should be put into effect, it would plunge this country into a period of commercial disasters such as we have not seen in a lifetime.

Later, at McAlester, Oklahoma, Mr. Roosevelt remarked;

Mr. Wilson said that, while he was a free-trader, he was not enough of a free-trader to hurt. He said: "You do not suppose that Democrats are engaged in any kind of enterprise that is going to cut their own throats?"

Why didn't he think of that in 1896? He took the view then that, if the programme of the Democratic party could be put into effect, it would cut the throats of the people. Either what he said then was not true or what he says now is not true. He cannot be consistent with both parts of his own record.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

In his speech at Sioux City, Iowa, Governor Wilson said, as reported: "I want to warn the people of this country to beware of commissions of experts. I have lived with experts all my life and I know that experts do not see anything except what is under the microscopes under their eyes."

The Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.) defines the necessity for a tariff commission as follows:

The average man, even though he be well educated, has neither the time nor facilities to go into abstruse studies of law and history and statistics. He must depend for the information by which he reaches his conclusions on the researches of experts of some kind. The plan . . . is not to substitute government by experts for public opinion, but to supply to public opinion the information and advice of experts.

Thus the Chicago "Evening Post" summarizes the opinion of the Progressive press by calling Governor Wilson's view "reactionary."

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AS a necessary and, I hope, not altogether unprofitable moral discipline, I have been reading this summer the editorials in certain New York City newspapers. Experience has convinced me that it is both pleasanter and more profitable to be amused than to be irritated. The attacks of these journals on Mr. Roosevelt have reminded me of the scene between Quilp and Sampson Brass, which all lovers of Dickens will easily recall—may their number never be less!

All this time Sampson was rubbing his hands and staring, with ludicrous surprise and dismay, at a great, goggle-eyed, blunt-nosed figurehead of some old ship which was reared up against the wall in a corner near the stove, looking like a goblin or hideous idol whom the dwarf worshiped. A mass of timber on its head, carved into the dim and distant semblance of a cocked hat, together with a representation of a star on the left breast and epaulettes on the shoulders, denoted that it was intended for the effigy of some famous admiral; but, without those helps, any observer might have supposed it the authentic portrait of a distinguished merman or great sea monster. Being originally much too large for the apartment which it was now employed to decorate, it had been sawn short off at the waist. Even in this state it reached from floor to ceiling; and thrusting itself forward, with that excessively wide-awake aspect and air of somewhat obtrusive politeness by which figureheads are usually characterized, seemed to reduce everything else to mere pygmy proportions.

"Do you know it?" said the dwarf, watching Sampson's eyes. "Do you see the likeness?"

"Eh?" said Brass, holding his head on one side and throwing it a little back as connoisseurs do. "Now I look at it again, I fancy I see a—yes, there certainly is something in the smile that reminds me of—and yet upon my word I—"

Now the fact was that Sampson, having never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling this substantial phantom, was much perplexed, being uncertain whether Mr. Quilp considered it like himself, and had therefore bought it for a family portrait, or whether he was pleased to consider it as the likeness of some enemy. He was not very long in doubt, for while he was surveying it with that knowing look which people assume when they are contemplating for the first time portraits which they ought to recognize but don't, the dwarf threw down the newspaper from which he had been chanting the words already quoted, and, seizing a rusty iron bar which he used in lieu of a poker, dealt the figure such a stroke on the nose that it rocked again.

"Is it like Kit—is it his picture, his image, his very self?" cried the dwarf, aiming a shower of blows at the insensible countenance and covering it with deep dimples. "Is it the exact model and counterpart of the dog—is it—is it—is it?" And with every repetition of the question he battered the great image, until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise.

The portraits of Mr. Roosevelt painted by the editors of some of these New York newspapers no more resemble the real Roosevelt than does the figurehead in Quilp's wharf-house represent the honest-hearted Kit. Their malignant misrepresentations are, curiously enough, sometimes corrected in the same issue by the report of the facts from their better-informed and more honest correspondents. The best answer to such malignancy is silence, an answer which I frankly confess I wish Mr. Roosevelt would oftener give to them.

But falsehood, however baseless, if repeated with sufficient frequency, finally produces an impression on the public mind, and even high-minded and thoughtful men get conceptions which, because the men are thoughtful and high-minded, they ought not to be unwilling to correct. Thus, in his recent letter, elsewhere reported in this issue of The Outlook, Mr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, writes of Mr. Roosevelt: "The candidate of the Progressive party has shown himself capable while in power of taking grave public action—which, of course, seemed to him wise and right—in disregard of Constitutional and legal limitations." This charge has been often made, and the friends of Mr. Roosevelt have often called for specifications of it; but the specifications have never been given. We have never been told what specific clause of the Constitution or what specific provision of law any act of his has ever disregarded.

For the last thirty years I have been a somewhat careful student of current American history, and I hope conscientious in an endeavor to report and interpret it to my readers. During the nearly nine years of his executive life as Governor of New York State and President of the United States, no executive act of Mr. Roosevelt's, and no

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legislation which he has recommended, has ever been declared unconstitutional by the courts; and I think it is equally true, though on this subject I do not speak with equal certainty, that no administrative act of his in the preceding years, as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was ever set aside by his superior officers because by it he transcended the limits of his legal authority. Those who charge him with disregarding legal and Constitutional limitations should be able to specify the legal and Constitutional limitations which he has disregarded and the act in which he has disregarded them.

In fact, while he has been courageous in fulfilling all the responsibilities laid upon him by the Constitution and the laws, he has been scrupulous in not assuming responsibilities which are not laid upon him. His regard for the Constitution is in curious contrast with the proposal of the Presidential candidate who is his chief opponent. Governor Wilson has explicitly declared his agreement with the Democratic platform that it is unconstitutional to maintain a tariff for any purpose but raising revenue; and yet he declares himself opposed to making any sudden and radical changes in the tariff; that is, he proposes to go on in an unconstitutional course because he thinks obedience to the Constitution would produce commercial disaster. One may search the acts and speeches of Mr. Roosevelt in vain to find therein any proposal to violate the Constitution because to obey it would produce results injurious to the country.

I have not only been a careful student of current events, but for more than thirteen years I have been in intimate relations with Theodore Roosevelt, and for the last three years have been very intimately associated with him in editorial labors. We have met together in editorial conference and at luncheon once a week. I have seen him in his office at work, and I have seen him in his home at play.

In temperament we are very different. Mr. Roosevelt physically is an electric battery of inexhaustible energy I have been compelled all my life carefully to conserve such physical energy as I possess, and to do my work within the limits which a not naturally strong constitution has imposed upon me. Mr. Roosevelt is by temperament a soldier; in phrenological language, his combativeness is large. I am by temperament a teacher, and avoid battle of every description when it can be avoided without cowardice or dishonor. Mr. Roosevelt has, either by inheritance or by long training, great decision of character. My decision of character—and I do not think I am wholly without it—has been laboriously built up by conscious, deliberate effort persistently continued ever since the days when as a boy I read Foster's "Essay on Decision of Character" and discovered my own native weakness. Mr. Roosevelt acts upon questions presented to him with a celerity of judgment which takes one's breath away. I am accustomed to follow my grandfather's advice and, when a difficult question is presented to me, to sleep on it. Mr. Roosevelt always goes to his goal as directly and as swiftly as one of his rifle balls. Sinuous ways are abhorrent to him, and ways of indirection distasteful. I am always more inclined to persuade an opponent than to vanquish him, and in conflict recognize, as I do not think Mr. Roosevelt often does, the advantage of sometimes resorting to a flank movement rather than to a direct attack.

I think, therefore, I can understand the reason why Mr. Roosevelt is *persona non grata* to men of certain temperaments. Those who think that caution is the sum of all the virtues are afraid of his courage. Those who are unwilling to sacrifice peace to obtain righteousness dread his militant character. Those who are accustomed to reach their conclusions in the quiet of the study, after careful deliberation of the pros and cons, attribute his quick executive action to a rash and heedless temper. Mr. Roosevelt abhors that which is evil. He hates, as David did the enemies of Jehovah, with a perfect hatred, impurities, meannesses, falsehoods, shams, dishonesties of every description. He is fighting honest. Easy-going good nature is a natural American vice, and Mr. Roosevelt's hearty, and in the main healthy, hatred of wrong-doing and wrong-doers, always vigorously but not always temperately expressed, offends the taste of gentle natures.

It is not true, however, that Mr. Roosevelt acts from impulse, or that he is rash, heedless, or impetuous. I am accustomed to play solitaire, sometimes with a companion whose eyes are much quicker than mine. The cards are laid out on the table. I have to look at them one by one. My companion sees at a glance their relations to each other and what can be done with them. Present any problem to Mr. Roosevelt, and he instantly sees

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all the conditions of the problem, and forms his judgment, not without careful thought, but without the delay involved in deliberation. I have not always at first agreed with him, but when I have given to the problem the deliberate study which my temper requires, I have come either to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt was correct or that the difference between us was less than I had thought it to be. When he ordered the discharge of the Brownsville soldiers, I thought he had acted rashly. I went to the Law Library, spent a morning in investigation of the authorities, and came to the conclusion that he had acted fully within his Constitutional and legal powers, and was fully sustained by military precedents. Later, taking up the official reports, I could come to no other conclusion than that he was equally sustained by the facts; and this was the result, as the reader will remember, reached by the United States Senate after three or four official investigations. He opposed the Arbitration Treaty negotiated by the Taft Administration. I supported that treaty. His views and mine were both given to the readers of The Outlook in its pages. But when our views were compared, we found the difference amounted simply to this: We both agreed that the new treaty could accomplish nothing more for peace than the treaty which it supplanted. He was opposed to it because it assumed to do what it could not do. I should have opposed negotiating it; but, as it had been negotiated, I thought its adoption could do no harm and might do a little good, and that its rejection could do no good and might do a little harm. I do not recall a single important instance in which my slowly formed opinion has differed from his almost instantaneous decision more widely than in the case of the Arbitration Treaty.

Most enigmatical men cease to be enigmas if you can get the key to their character. The key to Mr. Roosevelt's character is his vital interest in his fellow-men. All problems that directly concern humanity concern him. Problems that do not directly concern humanity he is not interested in. Philosophical questions, theological questions, economic questions, legal questions, scientific questions, interest him as they touch life, and only as they touch life. Wide as are his interests—and I know no man whose horizon is wider or whose life is filled with more multifarious interests—they are all practical. Whatever the circumference of the circle may seem to be, the center of it is always life—mainly human life.

He is interested in the minds of men, but not in the philosophical theories of the schools; in practical righteousness, but not in theological theories; in the maintenance of social justice, but not in legal formularies and fictions; in the protection of the home, but not in ecclesiastical theories about marriage and divorce; in improving the condition of the workingmen and their wives and children, but not in economic theories about labor and capital. It is partly because the tariff question and the currency question have been presented as economic problems, not as human problems, that they have but slightly interested him, and partly because other human problems have seemed to him, as they do to me, of greater immediate importance.

This spirit of interest in humanity makes him the fellow of all sorts and conditions of men, equally at home in a royal Court and in a mining camp, at once a cultivated gentleman and a thoroughgoing democrat. It leads him to measure all men, not by their dress, their station, their manners, their conversation, but by their inherent vital qualities—their integrity, truthfulness, sincerity, fidelity. He carries out in life the principle to which Professor Royce has given such eloquent expression in his volume on loyalty as the sum of all virtues.

This regard for his fellow-men is far removed from any spirit of patronage. It is a spirit not only of interest in his fellow-men, but of respect for them. His belief in the common people is not merely a political principle, it is a fundamental faith. This faith in his fellow-men makes him the reverse of opinionated or headstrong.

Every week the staff of The Outlook meets for conference. We spend between two and three hours in discussing the questions which are to be treated editorially in the next issue of the paper. Every member of the staff is free to express his own opinion and to urge it with all the arguments at his command. The discussion ended, the Editor-in-Chief decides what position The Outlook shall take on the question under discussion, and assigns the treatment to some member of the staff who is in sympathy with that view.

In this conference Mr. Roosevelt habitually joins. He shares in the arguments with the other members of the staff; he presents his opinions, but he never attempts to force

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them. He is a good listener no less than an effective speaker. He asks advice as well as gives it, and is the more influential because he is perfectly ready to be influenced. It is true that, when he has considered a subject and reached his decision upon it, he does not easily change his decision. He is as far from being vacillating as he is from being headstrong. But it is also true that he is always ready to consider and to take counsel upon the question how best to interpret persuasively to others the conviction which he has formed, and he is always ready to weigh considerations which are offered for the modification of the conviction which he has himself reached. Of course upon political and international questions his counsels have had a great weight in our conference, but they have not been the final factor in determining the policy of the paper, and he has never desired that they should be. He has always wished, and acted upon the wish, that his conclusions should have the weight which his reasons would give to them, and no other weight. And he has always recognized the principle, and acted upon that principle, that the final editorial authority in The Outlook is in the Editor-in-Chief.

What the author of "Ecce Homo" has called the "enthusiasm of humanity" is the controlling characteristic in Mr. Roosevelt's character and conduct.

In the interval which elapsed between his return from Africa in June, 1910, and his consent given to the seven Governors to become a candidate for the Presidential nomination we were in constant and intimate companionship. I saw letters which he wrote, I consulted with him on actions which he took, I was present in conferences which he held with leading public men from various parts of the country. I say with confident assurance that he did not desire to enter again into political campaigning. He had no political ambition to assume the duties of the Presidency. He wished to avoid these duties if he could do so with honor. His answer in letters and conferences, reiterated in literally hundreds of cases, was always the same: "I do not wish to be a candidate." So long as there was any prospect that Mr. La Follette could and would be accepted as a leader of the Progressive party movement Mr. Roosevelt abstained from political activity. So far as he could conscientiously do so, he gave his support to Mr. Taft's Administration. During all that time I never heard from him, and my associates never heard from him, any word of unkindness or hostility toward Mr. Taft, though undoubtedly he shared with the great majority throughout the country their disappointment in Mr. Taft's Administration. Not until Mr. La Follette had broken down nervously in his Philadelphia speech, and his own friends had counseled him to withdraw, and it became apparent to those who were interested in the Progressive principles and the Progressive movement that the movement was in danger of utter failure for want of a National leader, did Mr. Roosevelt reluctantly consent to accept the leadership which was urged upon him.

I recall, as I write these lines, the day when that decision was apparently finally reached. It was about the time when the seven Governors presented to Mr. Roosevelt their united request that he become a candidate. He submitted to us, his associates on the Outlook staff, the question, Could he with honor decline? Each member of the staff was asked by him to give his opinion on that question. One of our number recalled the pledge that Mr. Roosevelt had given to the American people when he landed at the Battery, New York City, on his return from Europe: "I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the limit of our hopes and its opportunities." We all believed in the Progressive principles. We all thought that the campaign for them at that time would be a forlorn hope. We all believed that could Mr. Roosevelt remain in retirement for four years, in 1916 Progressive principles would be certain of victory. But we all agreed that he had no option but to accede to the apparently unanimous request of those who had faith in Progressive principles, and accept their proffered leadership, whatever the immediate political results might be. He entered on the campaign in February, 1912, at the call of honor, when ambition, ease, and personal inclinations all combined in urging him to resist that call.

I am not so innocent as to suppose that this personal testimony respecting Mr. Roosevelt will have any effect upon his political enemies, except, perhaps, to increase their scorn, and to make me as well as my friend the subject of that scorn. Nor do I

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anticipate that it will have any material effect upon those who are temperamentally hostile, critical, or suspicious. But I think that among the readers of The Outlook there are not a few men and women who have sufficient faith in me to believe that I at least attempt to see life accurately and to tell truly what I see. To them I bear this testimony: Thirteen years of increasingly intimate acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt has steadily deepened my affection for him personally, my esteem for his character, and my admiration for his political genius and his public services.

THE KITCHEN—THE HOME-MAKER'S LABORATORY

IN THE SERIES ON HOME-MAKING THE WOMAN'S PROFESSION

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

HOWEVER home-makers may diverge in other matters relating to their profession, they are all in entire unity on one point, namely, that the most serious problem the housekeeper has to solve is that of domestic service. Furthermore, they are apt to agree that the knottiest part of that particular problem is the part that centers in the kitchen.

"Three meals a day!" Under a banner bearing this familiar device all women who are home-makers march. The problem of spreading a table three times a day confronts them all, and confronts them with equal portentousness. It would seem to matter little whether the table be in an apartment in a city, or in a house in a small town, or in a ranch on a prairie. The conditions may vary, the problem remains the same. Each and every home-maker must meet it, wrestle with it, and, in some sort, solve it. All home-makers unite, too, in the discontent with which they view their several solutions. They all desire to get better "answers" to the problem.

Naturally, no one so feels the pressure of this problem as the housekeeper who has two servants, the housekeeper who has only one servant, and the housekeeper who has no servant at all. In America such home-makers are in the large majority. The kitchen is their laboratory. They especially need help in equipping it and in using it according to scientific methods.

"The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have been my *greatest* help in making a laboratory of *my* kitchen," said one home-maker to me when I asked her who or what had aided her to her present signal proficiency as a housekeeper. "They are a big boon to the business world; but my interest in them is on another account—they have been a big boon to my home world!"

Of course I asked her to tell me just how; and she did. "You know," she said, "I was always interested in the subject of diet. When the agitation for pure food started, no one was more absorbed in it than I. Everything I could learn about it I learned; in every way in which I could use my knowledge I did use it. But the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms taught me more than anything else. I discovered, from inquiring into the principles underlying them, the foundation upon which a proper diet rests; namely, that food to be good must be pure, *and* clean, *and* nourishing. I found out that food may be perfectly *pure* without being perfectly *clean*; and that it may be pure and clean, and even nutritious, and still not be *nourishing*."

"For instance?" I interposed.

"Well, for instance: take a luncheon of lamb chops, rice, and asparagus, with cocoa for a beverage and baked apples for dessert. All these articles of food may be pure, yet if they are prepared with soiled hands or exposed to dust and flies they will not be clean. They are all nutritious, but unless they are properly cooked none of them will be nour-

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ishing. Do you see? I didn't until the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms helped me. I was never so engrossed in anything as I am in combining purity, cleanliness, and nourishment in my daily menus."

This home-maker was in the habit of keeping two servants. Remembering this, I asked: "How about your maids? Are they engrossed in it too? Do they co-operate with you?"

"Yes, they really do!" the home-maker replied. "About two years ago I got a new cook. When she came, I said to her: 'I think of my kitchen as a laboratory—a place in which experiments are tried. The cook, the experimenter, takes so much pure food, and, making and keeping it clean, combines it in such proportions and cooks it in just such a way and to just such a point. The result is a nourishing meal.'"

"And was she interested?" I queried.

"Immensely interested," the home-maker assured me. "She considered a moment, then she said, 'That's a new-fangled way of lookin' at kitchen wu'k, but it has its p'ints.' My 'second girl' has been with me only one year. I didn't have to explain to her when she came; the cook did it. 'Keep ev'rythin' in the dinin'-room awful clean and neat,' I heard her say; 'there ain't no use havin' a kitchen and ev'rythin' in it right if the dinin'-room ain't jest so. This here kitchen is a place where the best meals is cooked—pure, clean, nourishin'. Don't you spile 'em by slippin' up on the dinin'-room end of it!' And the 'second girl' saw! 'It's a notiony way of talkin', but it's all right for doin',' she said. Yes," concluded the home-maker, "my servants certainly do co-operate with me in my laboratory kitchen methods."

Another housekeeper of my acquaintance had an experience that was rather a severe strain upon her sense of humor when she introduced the kitchen as a laboratory to her servant—a "general housework girl" who had been in her service for six years. She told me about it with praiseworthy laughter.

"My dear," she began, "don't say a word to *me* about laboratory-kitchens-in-the-home. I know more things about them than are dreamt of in your philosophy! I had often been to that lovely Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Room—the one that has waitresses, and tables, and napkins, and oh! *such* good food! I had heard all about what it stood for—pure food, clean food, nourishing food. I had loaded my mind with all its ideas about diet—combinations of proteids, carbohydrates, fats, and all the rest. So I thought I'd try to make my kitchen into a laboratory kitchen. 'Minnie,' I said to my maid, 'this kitchen is a chemical laboratory, a place in which experiments are tried. What we try for is a perfect meal. Just as they never know in any other chemical laboratory how experiments are going to turn out, so we never know here. When you start to make a cake, for example, you are trying a chemical experiment. If you get just the correct mixture of just the proper ingredients and apply just the needed degree of heat, the chemical experiment will turn out a success. If you fall into the least error, it will be a failure.'"

My friend paused for breath, and I remarked, "You were rather chemical in your terms, but—"

"Exactly," she interrupted. "Minnie listened with a gleam in her eye. You know, she went one year to evening high school, and she had a smattering of chemistry. Laboratory! Chemical experiments! Minnie became a chemical investigator. My kitchen literally was a laboratory. Such things as she tried! One day she made a cake and 'raised' it with yeast! When I spoke to her about it, she said she 'was experimentin' with leavens'! Another time she put olive oil in the bread instead of lard. She explained that 'both of 'em was fats,' and she was 'tryin' experiments with fats'! Well, I almost went out of my mind for a while. We never knew *what* would appear on the table. Minnie was *so* interested; and besides, she had been with me so long, and was so devoted, that I *couldn't* say anything to her. Then the family teased me so! They said I'd brought it on myself. After a while I saw that it was funny. And after a much longer while Minnie saw that original experimenting had its limits."

"How did she come to see that?" I questioned.

"She took to sending to the United States Department of Agriculture for their Food Bulletins, and reading them. She has become an expert on the subject of food!"

"So it turned out happily, your home laboratory kitchen?" I commented.

"Oh, yes, indeed it did," that home-maker agreed; "but," she added, whimsically, "it took it a long time *to* turn!"

Another housekeeper whom I know re-

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ceived a suggestion of a different kind from the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms. She had no servant, and the allowance she could command for household expenses was not large. "I used to try to buy *inexpensive* food," she told me, "thinking more of *quantity* and *variety* than of *quality*. I knew nothing about the relative nutritive values of food materials, nor of the proportions in which they should be eaten. Of course, in a vague way I knew, as most persons know, that certain articles of diet 'went together'—potatoes with meat, cheese with macaroni, butter with bread. I realized that vegetables and fruit were especially appetizing in warm weather, and that bacon and eggs were particularly acceptable in cold weather. I didn't know the whys and wherefores of any of these facts. The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Room that interests me most is the one that has counters and stools; because there *one* thing on the menu is often an entire meal. For example, they serve a hot roast-beef sandwich. One gets, complete, a mid-day meal—meat, bread, gravy which has butter in it—and it is hot! A person who requires a 'hot lunch at noon' has it in that simple and inexpensive sandwich."

"But in a private house would there be available at noon a hot roast of beef from which to make the sandwich?" I asked.

"On some days there would," my friend replied. "And always," she added, "there would be apt to be on *some* day of the week at noon a piece of *cold* left-over roast beef. That could be heated in the left-over gravy, and the sandwich made. I know," she observed; "I do it all the time on Mondays, with the remnants of the Sunday roast."

One summer morning, much later, I happened to pass her home, which is a pleasant little house in a pretty suburb. Seeing me from a window, she hailed me and invited me to come in to luncheon. "I have just put it on the table," she said.

The luncheon consisted of tea, thin bread and butter, and a salad. The salad was made of nuts and raisins and fruits, arranged on lettuce leaves, and covered with a creamy dressing.

"It sounds rather diaphanous," remarked one of my neighbors to whom I described that luncheon. But it was not; it was amply sufficient and satisfying on a warm summer day. And, on investigation, I think it would have been found to contain the "proteids and carbohydrates and fats and all the rest" to which my other acquaintance had referred.

My friend who prepared that simple meal has become very well informed on the subject of diet. She has read a surprising number of books, magazine articles, and Government Bulletins concerning it. I am confident that any meal planned by her would combine the nutritive elements in the proportions advised by the best authorities. The knowledge she has acquired has helped her in more than one direction. Through it she has been able to cut down the household expenses in her own home. Also she has seen her family improve in health by reason of her greater skill in selecting and using food materials. Lately another result of her home laboratory kitchen has shown itself.

A summer camp for girls near her home town desired a dietary director, her duties to be the ordering of the meals and the overseeing of the cook and the kitchen. My friend saw in this need of the summer camp a threefold opportunity—a chance to add a little extra money to her husband's income, a chance to give her two little children a whole summer in the "real country," and a chance to put into further practice the theories she had gathered from her studying. She applied for the position, and obtained it. It proved to be, in truth, the opportunity she had expected it to be.

"And to think," she said at the end of a happy, busy summer, "it all came out of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms! It was through them that I first learned that diet was a science; and an inexhaustibly interesting science at that."

"And what *are* the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms?" is some reader asking. "And *where* are they?" They are four lunch-rooms of slightly varying kinds known collectively as the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms, which have grown up in Boston within the past ten years. These places are under the management and control of a little group of educated women. The aim of those women is to supply to business men and women who lunch in town pure food, clean food, nourishing food, properly prepared, fittingly served, at a reasonable cost. In any one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms one may obtain an excellent luncheon; its cost depends upon the particular lunch-room of the four that one selects.

One of them, situated in the shopping district of the city, is similar in its appointments

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to the usual lunch-room. It is furnished with numerous small tables, covered with brown holland cloths, which are matched by brown holland napkins; and it is amply provided with waitresses, who bring the food directly from the kitchen. This is the most expensive of the four places.

The second lunch-room, which is on a business street, is equipped with counters and stools. The food is sent up from the basement kitchen on dumb-waiters. One server is allotted each counter. She takes the food from the dumb-waiter and puts it before the customer. The scale of prices at this place is a little lower than at the first.

The third place, a cafetaria, is more inexpensive still. One gets one's tray, and the food is served over a counter from the enormous receptacles containing it. The tables are larger, the general plan is a bit simpler. This diminishes the expense of a luncheon.

In the fourth place there is an ingenious mechanism by means of which the food is not only kept hot or cold, as the case may be, but is also prearranged in individual "orders." This mechanical device is in appearance like a post-office; in each box is an order—of soup, fish, meat, salad, or ice-cream. On a tray, which one gets for one's self from a pile, one puts whatever one chooses, drawing it one's self from its box; collects the necessary knife, fork, and spoon, and paper napkin from a convenient ledge; and, pausing at a desk near the railing which divides those about to lunch from those lunching, has an inventory taken of one's luncheon and receives a check. Going on to the filter, one fills one's own water glass. Then one seats one's self at an uncovered table. Luncheon over, one carries one's tray of empty dishes to the "slide;" and, at another desk, pays one's bill. It is a smaller bill than at either of the three previously described places. The cost of service is almost nothing. One has served one's self.

The food in each and every one of the four Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms is the same. It is of the same quality; an order in all the places is the same in quantity. The difference in price is due simply and solely to the difference in service and in accessories. Service and table linen, with the consequent laundry bills—the very same luncheon without these two items of expense costs just about half what it costs with them.

These housekeepers of whose home laboratory kitchens I have told were especially interested in the selection and the cooking of food; the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms had helped them to accomplish these things in a less complicated manner and according to a more scientific method. All of them required accurate and ordered knowledge of dietary values, and the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms had given them the needed impetus in the direction of obtaining it. Moreover, they discovered that it is a comparatively easy thing to obtain. The number of excellent books, magazine articles, and pamphlets on the subject of diet is exceptionally large; the Food Bulletins issued free by the Office of Experiment Stations of the United States Department of Agriculture are among the finest of their kind. Any housekeeper who desires to become a food expert may become one by reading in her "spare time" all this so easily available "printed matter." The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have helped a few women to become food experts; may not the experiences of these few help many more?

But the question of serving food is as seriously considered a part of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms as the cooking of food. In two of the lunch-rooms the customers serve themselves. In homes the housekeeper's problem is not completely solved when she has succeeded in choosing and in cooking (or in superintending the cooking of) a meal. How is that meal to be served? Even if she has two servants, the question is not very easily answered; if she keeps only one servant, a "general housework girl," the solution is still less simple; and if she has no servant at all, it is decidedly difficult. What housekeeper with two servants has not learned to hope that no unexpected guest will drop in to a meal on Monday or Tuesday, when both the maids are washing or ironing, and neither of them can wait on the table? What home-maker with but one servant invites the neighbors in to tea on that maid's "day out"? And what home-maker who has no servant at all but feels the lack of one most, not when she is cooking a meal, but when she is serving it in courses? "It isn't getting a meal," a friend of mine who does her own work said to me recently; "it isn't *that* which disturbs me; it is the serving of it! I often am tempted to fall into the old-fashioned habit of putting everything on the table at once in order to

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do away with the leaving of my place at the table that the serving of it even in two courses involves."

"Why don't you try the cafetaria method?" a new acquaintance who was present asked. "It is just what you want! I know, because I have tried it. Of course for dinner it isn't exactly the thing, but for breakfast and luncheon it is ideal. It is a regular custom in my house. I assure you that for housekeepers, like ourselves, who have no servants it is the greatest labor-saving device ever invented!"

"What is it?" my friend inquired, eagerly. "Where did you get it? How do you use it?"

Our new acquaintance laughed. "It is a system by means of which persons serve themselves at meal-time, instead of being served," she answered. "I got it from one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms—the Cafetaria. The way to use it is: Cook the breakfast or luncheon for the family; have it ready at a certain hour. Provide a tray for each person. Let him or her take it, come with it to the kitchen, having first 'set' it with such dishes and silver as may be necessary, and receive on it an 'order' of each article of food on the menu. Then let him or her go to the dining-room with it, eat the meal, and afterward, bringing the tray back to the kitchen, place the dishes in the sink or the dishpan. In my house breakfast and luncheon are served according to this plan. It saves time, work, and waste."

"It sounds pleasant, but queer," my friend commented.

"I'd like to see it in operation," I found myself saying.

"Spend a week-end with me, and you will," my new acquaintance said.

It was not long before I did spend a week-end with her. In the serving of dinner on the Saturday evening there was no hint of a cafetaria. My acquaintance—by this time a friend—and her husband took turns in serving the courses and removing the dishes between courses. Their two children, a girl of five and a boy of six, were in bed. "When they are old enough to sit up for dinner," my hostess remarked, "they will be a great help with the serving of the meal. I am really impatient for that time to come."

I confessed that I was "really impatient" for the next morning to come. I had often seen the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria, but I had never seen a home cafetaria. "You will see one to-morrow at breakfast," said my friend. And I did.

I was downstairs in advance of any one excepting my hostess. I found her in the kitchen, making toast, steaming cereal, boiling eggs, cutting grapefruit, and doing the numerous other things attendant upon the preparation of even the simplest family breakfast. "Where are the children—and the trays?" I inquired as soon as we had exchanged good-mornings.

"The children are dressing, with the help of their father," she replied. "They will all be here in a moment. The trays are in the china closet."

I peeped into the china closet. There I saw a pile of six or seven pretty Japanese trays. Near by were the dishes in ordinary daily use; in a drawer, already opened, lay the silver, each of the various articles in a separate division. In another drawer were paper napkins. (At dinner the night before we had had linen napkins.)

While I was still standing in the china closet, admiring the skill with which my friend had arranged it for the purposes of a cafetaria, my host and the two children appeared in the kitchen. Shortly afterward my hostess announced that "breakfast would be served to all whose trays were presented."

With the exception of herself, we all went into the china closet, took our respective trays, furnished them forth with china and silver and a paper napkin, and returned to the kitchen. My friend would have attended to me first, but I besought her to allow me to be served last, that I might see all that happened in her home cafetaria. "Certainly," she acquiesced. "You won't have long to wait, in any case; what happens happens quickly."

It surely did. The little girl put her tray on the kitchen table, and her mother rapidly served her with the cup of cocoa, the bowl of cereal, and the other things that made up her breakfast. Then her father carried the tray into the dining-room, tied her bib, and pulled out her chair. The boy proudly held his tray in his hands while his mother served him, and as pridefully bore it himself to his place at the dining-room table. "I am too big to spill anything," he said. Then my friend served me and my host, and then my host served his wife, and we three went together into the dining-room. The children had bided our coming. When we were all

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ready to seat ourselves at the table, the little girl said Herrick's quaint "Child's Grace:"

> "Here, a little child, I stand
> Heaving up my either hand;
> Cold as paddocks though they be,
> Here I lift them up to Thee,
> For a benison to fall
> On our meat and on us all."

The cafetaria method was indeed a boon to that family. It saved my friend's vitality by saving her steps. Her husband liked the simplicity of it. As for the children, they regarded it as a game, and delighted in it.

Another acquaintance of mine has established in her home a cafetaria which is even more in accord with the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria. It is designed to save not only her steps, but also the money of the members of her family. Her home is a boarding-house. Most of her boarders are professional women whose meal hours are uncertain—trained nurses and social workers. She employs only one servant. The only meal served at a fixed time and set forth on the table in the customary way is breakfast. "Every one in the house can come to breakfast at the same time," she said; "so I serve that. No two of the family can be sure of being here at any specified time for luncheon and dinner, so I make the kitchen into a cafetaria for those meals."

"Where did you get the inspiration to do it?" I interrogated, as a mere matter of form. I felt very sure that she would reply as she did:

"From one of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms," she said.

"And how do you manage it?" I next asked.

"Very simply," she answered. "The same kind of luncheon and dinner that I used to have prepared in the kitchen and served on the dining-room table I have made ready in the kitchen and kept there. In the pantry there are trays, and china and silver are in the adjoining closet. Any member of the household who wants luncheon or dinner goes out into the kitchen, gets her tray, dishes, and silver, and is served by the cook. Then she goes into the dining-room. When she has finished her meal, she takes her tray back to the kitchen and drops her 'fee' into a box in the pantry provided for that purpose. If she has had luncheon, it is one amount; if the meal has been dinner, it is another. The rates are invariable."

"And do your boarders like this arrangement?" I queried.

"Very much," said my friend. "It is easy, quick; and, besides, it is cheaper for them. Before I tried the cafetaria plan I kept two servants. Now I have only one. So I deduct from my charges a proportionate amount for service, just as the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria does."

She invited me to luncheon one day that I might see her home cafetaria in operation. Excepting for the fact that one was served in the kitchen by the cook, instead of being served over a counter by a waitress, it was little different, otherwise than in size, from the Laboratory Kitchen Cafetaria. There was not quite so great a variety as to food as in the public lunch-room, and the lunchers were housemates and friends. The cook, who was "new," confided to me that this method of serving meals she considered "powerful odd;" but she granted that it saved both time and strength. The boarders, too, were inclined to smile at their home cafetaria; but the smiles were friendly ones.

Not a great while after that luncheon I went to spend a summer's vacation on a Connecticut farm. I was regaining my strength after an illness according to a scheme that included the consuming of oranges, milk, and raw eggs between meals. These refreshments came at frequent intervals. One day I overheard my hostess saying that "summer boarders who had to have so many snacks kept one person running all the time." The next time she "ran" in my direction with a "snack," I said to her, "Why don't you try a Laboratory Kitchen plan with my lunches?"

"What's that?" she questioned.

When I had told her, I suggested: "You might show me where the eggs and milk and oranges are kept, and when I need them I can get them myself. If you put my share in a separate place in the ice-chest, you can easily keep an account of what I use. It would save your time."

She reflected for a moment. "I believe it would," she said, emphatically; "I'll try it, anyway."

She did. At the end of my visit she said to me: "I think I'll see how else I can copy that Laboratory Kitchen you told me about. Maybe I could save time and steps along some other lines than serving snacks."

I have not seen her since, but not long ago I received a letter from her. "I haven't got any 'mechanical device' like the one you write me the newest Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-

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Room has, for keeping things either hot or cold," she said, among other things; "but I do it, just the same, in an old-timey way. In the morning I make the coffee and set it on the back of the stove where it will keep hot. I do the same with the rest of the breakfast. As the different ones in the family get ready, they come downstairs and serve themselves with breakfast. I happened to have three old trays—not enough to go around, but everybody isn't ever down at once. The cold things I leave in the ice-chest; those who want them get them. It is such a relief to me not to have to set a table in the morning; and the family like this new way of doing better, too. It's a great thing on a farm to be able to save time and strength."

It has not been my purpose in this article to write the history of the Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms; nor to describe in detail the methods according to which they are operated; nor to comment upon the great public importance of the work done in them. My aim has been to give a brief account of the effect they have had upon the methods by which the home kitchens in the community have been managed, to tell a little about the private significance of their work—in short, to show the "side lights" of their history.

All the home-makers and housekeepers of whom I have written have learned from these Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms to conserve time, or strength, or money, or health. They have found out how to provide good food, pure, clean, and nourishing; and to provide it on the most economical basis as regards time, work, and money. The Laboratory Kitchen Lunch-Rooms have accomplished many large and excellent things; but of them, this thing that they have done seems to me to be greatest and best.

OVERCOMING BUSINESS FOOZLES

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

IN golf, a foozle is a missed stroke, one so bad that, when committed, you feel keenly the censuring eyes of those standing around. I know of few things more humiliating than the complete disclosure in a foozle of one's entire lack of preparation in a game demanding the most intense preliminary study and practice.

The seasoned player who knows the game never completely misses the ball. He may not always execute the perfect shot planned, but when he addresses a ball the idea of missing it never enters his head. His mind is entirely occupied with the problem of placing the ball in the spot most favorable for the next stroke.

How closely games requiring courage, strength, and skill resemble business! Yet, when we pause to think, it is not strange that similar character qualities should be brought out in both spheres of activity.

Business transactions, as in golf, if undertaken by the inexperienced or careless, may be badly bungled. We say of such a blunderer, "He made a fizzle of it." To prevent the occurrence of these fizzles we must obtain instruction in the art of handling the tools of the occupation in which we are engaged. Underlying all of the surface peculiarities and eccentricities of various forms of business are certain methods which, when found and adopted, render the performance of business acts more pleasurable. When we learn the proper swing, and attune our faculties to it, we find that even dull business is full of possibilities hitherto unsuspected. When we have acquired the technique of business, we feel in the very performance of it a sense of superiority. Moreover, we feel free from the danger of making a fizzle of it.

SEARCHING YOUR BUSINESS RECORDS

I overheard a conversation between two merchants which, though quite ordinary in tone, shows so well a striving toward that knowledge which prevents costly mistakes that I feel impelled to repeat it.

"Jacob, have you ever had an audit?"

"No," replied Jacob.

"You're a chump!"

Jacob gesticulated aggrievedly: "Why should I have an audit? I have a bookkeeper now for twelve years! I trust him."

"If you never had an audit, there are things

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in your books you never dreamed of. I never knew my business at all until I had an audit. Your bookkeeper can make mistakes —honest mistakes, understand me—the which will stand you on your head until you get straightened out."

Small as a business is, homely or beautiful as it outlines, the proprietor should not rest satisfied until he has completely mastered his own books of account.

Until he is able to read from his business records his financial position with respect to the world and to analyze his goings forward or backward, he is in danger of committing most grievous errors.

SAVING OUTLAY BY INQUIRY

On approaching a factory, a friend of the superintendent saw a large pile of broken castings, some of which contained marked evidences of expensive machining. It struck him that for mere scrap this pile of broken parts appeared very new. It was learned that extensive experiments had been and were being conducted in efforts to effect improvements in a certain machine to enable it to produce, if possible, more perfect articles than could be made on the machine then in use. "Have you ever tried to buy such a machine as you want in the market?" was asked. "No, I haven't; but we know there is nothing of that sort now made, because we would have heard of it."

Without seeking information regarding the effect he desired most earnestly to attain, the superintendent had gone blindly ahead, spending large amounts of money which, as was found later, would have been saved by a little intelligent research. An inquiry or two suggested by his friend produced the information that the very mechanical contrivance which he was trying to create had recently been patented, and was to be had in a supply store within a few squares of his factory.

FEW MEN ARE MENTALLY AMBIDEXTROUS

We may play golf in the afternoon and bridge at night, but we cannot do both well at the same time. Failure to succeed often follows attempts to do too many things at the same time. Anything worth the doing demands concentrated effort—the best effort.

A firm manufacturing a form of wearing apparel is now being dissolved because one of the members "is tired of his partner's blunders." In consultation with his lawyer, he said: "My partner is continually going at another thing before the first is finished. He goes and gets an idea started in the factory, where he belongs, then he rushes off on the road, thinking he can sell goods. He cannot get orders enough to pay his carfare. In the meantime, when he comes home he abandons the idea he first had and starts all over again on another one. In the factory we are constantly upset. I am tired of trying to follow his ideas that never amount to anything."

Why is it that almost to a man every one at times imagines that he could create grand successes in fields other than those in which he is at work? The unpossessed seems to many of us more attractive than the thing in hand. Exalted as our occupations seem to others, at times we would gladly exchange, or think we would, with those who have petty tasks. The wisest of us are those who try to ascertain for which occupation they are best fitted, and confine their principal efforts to learn to the last letter all that may be known of one occupation. We know that to be the only way of overcoming humiliating mistakes.

FACING THE MUSIC IN BUSINESS

When a novice commits just enough foozles to become seriously impressed with his own unimportance, he does not throw down his clubs. No. He seeks ways and means of preventing the recurrence of the blunders. It is no crime to make a mistake, but when made it is almost criminal to neglect or refuse to correct it.

Last summer I required a canvas cover for a small motor boat. The man recommended to me came, took the measure, and promised that the cover would be ready within a few days. When delivered, it could not by the most strenuous stretching be made to cover the boat. Did this young business man quickly attempt to correct his error and regain my confidence? No. He began with promises which ended in nothing, and finally abandoned his job entirely. He had run away from the duty of repairing his blunder, preferring to lose the cost of the unfinished job than to stick resolutely to it until completed.

Now, I know of no quicker road to the failure class than that which leads away from business duties. And I know beyond any doubt that to face the music is one of the most effective ways of overcoming fizzles in business.

Do you think that your prosperous neigh-

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bor has had an easy career? Let him tell you of the times when he has had to grit his teeth to prevent crying out in his distress at deserved censure. He will tell you that more than once he has all but run away from the consequences of careless or ill-timed acts. But, knowing that courage is just as essential in business as elsewhere, he has assumed full responsibility and acquitted himself to the best of his aroused ability.

BUSINESS CONTESTS INCREASE STRENGTH

A man who overcomes a defect creates, in the very act, a strength to resist other tendencies to slip. His capital against visible blunder grows at compound interest. When a man clutches his mental fists and approaches the business in which he is engaged with a determination to conquer, he has already passed thousands of his companions who listlessly await success or fizzle, unduly elated by the one and unreasonably discouraged by the other, as they occur in turn.

It is said that law is a jealous mistress, one who will not brook any neglect on the part of practitioners. If a lawyer does not by constant reading consistently maintain his working knowledge of the law, she will desert him unceremoniously. Business is a sister of law in that respect. When once mastered, we must keep in practice. Few sights are more pitiful than the retired merchant who, after years of inactivity, having lost his all, attempts to resume business. He is out of touch with everything, and the task of returning to the ordinary contest is too much for the average man.

PREPARING FOR STRUGGLE

Just as helpless is the young man who fails to prepare for the expected. I heard the president of a local business club make two speeches, perfectly illustrating the necessity for careful preparation in all that we are about to undertake. His first speech was read from carefully written notes filled with thoughts right on the point of his topic. At the next dinner he arose and said:

"Gentlemen, as you know, I have been accustomed to speak from notes—I have heretofore used notes in speaking—I feel that a good speech should be delivered without notes—should come from the heart—without notes"—and that was as far as he could go. The men began to applaud and inquire concerning his "notes," whereupon he sat down in considerable discomfiture.

To know when one is not prepared and to refrain from utterance is often just as valuable as the ability to deliver a charming address. In business life it is as important to know when to keep silent as when to put forth one's best efforts.

Many things that one learns in the course of a day's contact with his fellows should be buried deep in the memory. I once heard a young friend deliver a scathing rebuke to a fellow-salesman who had improperly told of a private business incident.

"When you stumble across anything like that, you want to keep it under your own hat," said he.

How few of us carefully select and weigh our words! How many blunders are committed which hesitation for even a fraction of a second would have prevented!

The tip of the tongue is small indeed, but nevertheless a powerful instrument for the unmaking or the forwarding of business relationships.

Across the aisle in a crowded train sat a young merchant who, when he saw me, called out a boisterous salutation. To my matter-of-fact inquiry concerning business, he bawled out: "Rotten—the banks are watching me. I can't do anything." The seat beside me becoming vacant, he came over and explained further what proved to be an ordinary credit procedure on the part of the one bank with which he did business. Unfortunately, one of his largest creditors happened to overhear the totally unnecessary remark, and he subsequently caused the merchant some exceedingly unpleasant days.

LOYALTY TO EMPLOYERS

What wrecks are created by the craving for sympathy! Walk along the crowded thoroughfare behind chatting clerks out for luncheon. You will not be compelled to listen to the conversation of many before you will be astonished at the reckless divulgence of the private affairs of their employers in incidents supposed to prove unjust treatment received. Sudden dismissals may sometimes be traced to just such thoughtlessness.

To get on in the world, clerks should rank loyalty to their employer as first in the list of memorized self-regulations. Is it hard to have respect for him? If impossible, rather than labor in poisoned surroundings it would be better to seek other employment. But before one severs relationship with the

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source of his income it would be well for him to rub up his glasses and take a new glance at things. Perhaps he will see that some of the dissatisfaction is attributable to his own defective vision.

If we seek irritating evidences, we may be assured that our search will not be in vain. It is so easy to feel abused that the faintest semblance of a fancied grievance is mushroom to thought.

Let us overcome our false notions of our relation to business, realize our shortcomings, and seek in every way to improve our ability, and we may be sure that our strength and skill in business will increase until no one can truthfully say, "He made a fizzle of it."

THE PENNY PIPER OF SARANAC

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

HE called himself the Penny Piper, and apologized to his friends because sometimes his whistle exploded with strange noises and had to be patched with sticking-plaster. Yet when he played on his pipe the whole world listened, fascinated even by the strange noises; and the army of earth's children that followed him—that is following him still—was greater than the Pied Piper of Hamelin ever enthralled.

He was an odd fellow to look at, as, of course, a magic piper should be. Eagle-beaked and eagle-eyed, his face was ever touched with a Pan-like humor, "a deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck." Whimsical, purposeful, quick-tempered, generous, selfish, lovable, fierce, forgiving—a human paradox.

This was the Penny Piper of Saranac, and he was something of a mystery to all who knew him in the little Adirondack village. They did not know he was a great man, for he never happened to mention the fact himself, and even the beginnings of the world were away on the other side of forty miles of tangled forest.

He did not fish. He did not hunt. He lacked the principal virtue of man in the wilderness—physical strength; and for a living he seemed only to tootle upon a penny whistle and cut a fantastic figure on skates on the lake behind the cottage where he lived.

The cottage was "a hat-box on a hill," as the Penny Piper himself said. All the winds of heaven blew around it. Below, the Saranac River snarled and guggled under its piled-up jam of ice. Beyond, Mount Pisgah glowered under icicled brows at Mount Baker behind the cottage. The Penny Piper said the only redeeming feature of the place was that it reminded him of some place else.

Most of all was he a mystery to his landlady and her lord. The Penny Piper burned holes in Mrs. Baker's sitting-room mantelpiece with the live ends of his cigarettes. In the evenings he would play Ancient Mariner to Andrew Baker's Wedding Guest. The Piper would talk to the woodsman, uttering strange matters, until Andrew's eyes grew heavy and his head nodded, and he was lulled to sleep in his chair by the magic words of a genius.

In the daytime, when the blizzard piled snow-drifts window-high, the Penny Piper made "big medicine" in the little room under the eastern gable of the "hat-box." In this room there was a single cot, also a plain table adorned with pens, ink, and paper; also a piano—and the penny whistle.

"He tootles the whistle better 'n he plays the piano!" said Mrs. Baker to her spouse.

"And a sight oftener," said the woodsman.

Of course he did! Who ever heard of Ariel, or Puck, or Pan playing a piano? True, there were times when the Penny Piper's hands grew numb with cold. Then he would get up from the table and make a fierce attack upon Beethoven with a heavy bunch of rusty keys. But he would usually wind up with a Jacobite air upon the penny whistle, after which he would resume with the pen. You remember his words: "To earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence."

Yet in this little cottage in the Adirondack wilderness, during the bitter winter of 1887–8, the Penny Piper played some of his sweetest

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melodies; his notes reached their purest and clearest heights; and to-day what he wrote under that little eastern gable, where the drift-snow piled up against the window, is bound in morocco and gold, is scrolled on vellum and hung as mottoes in garret and mansion alike, in the offices of commerce and in the waiting-rooms of pain, in the temples of wisdom and in the heart of humanity, for it brings strength to the strong and cheer to the sick.

These but conspired with his genius and the keen air of the hills to such results as "Pulvis et Umbra," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Gentlemen," "Beggars," "A Christmas Sermon," and last (perhaps least) "The Master of Ballantrae," which ends in story where it was begun in fact—in the frozen forest under the shadow of Mount Baker, hard by Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks.

When Robert Louis Stevenson lived there, Saranac Lake village was but a backwoods hamlet. The first locomotive had not yet startled the buck and the bear.

The community which is now the metropolis of the Adirondacks had in 1887 less than a handful of the thousands who have since followed the trail first blazed in that region by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, himself a victim of tuberculosis. Everybody knows why Stevenson went to Saranac, and everybody knows that Dr. Trudeau was his physician.

It has been said, upon hearsay, that Dr. Trudeau, the famous head of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, and Robert Louis Stevenson did not get along together very well. This is without foundation in fact. Stevenson himself wrote on a leaf of the "Jekyll and Hyde" of "Dr. Trudeau's Complete Set, from the Author:"

"Trudeau was all the Winter at my side.
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde."

Dr. Trudeau was probably one of the few in the village at that time who appreciated what manner of man had come to it; and it is clear that Stevenson was quick to appreciate the intellectual qualities of the man who came to see him, first with a cold stethoscope, then with the warm hand of friendship.

This friendship was spontaneous. The nature of it may be judged from the fact that, when they did not agree, they did not agree to disagree—after the manner of the lukewarm—but quarreled!

But the quarrels! They were of the kind indulged in by brothers who part with black murder in their hearts and burst out laughing next time they meet. They were quarrels of the kind in which one holds it a private, personal privilege to criticise the other, but woe unto the third person who ventures to criticise either to the other!

On the really great things of life they were in perfect accord; so they chose the most trivial matters upon which to differ.

The best illustration of this is, perhaps, the "check story," which Dr. Trudeau sometimes relates, and always with immense delight. There was no stenographer present, and Dr. Trudeau himself does not undertake to repeat the exact dialogue, but from the facts and from a knowledge of the two personalities this is how it was:

Stevenson. My dear Trudeau! I have the greatest respect for your intelligence. For that reason it distresses me—distresses me!—to hear you utter such fallacy. How *can* the American baggage system be superior to the British luggage system?

Trudeau. But, my dear Stevenson, we are dealing with facts! I know that, as a Britisher, you are naturally prejudiced—

Stevenson (interrupting). I beg your pardon, Dr. Trudeau. I would never allow racial prejudice to warp my judgment in the matter of a ten-and-sixpenny trunk. The British system *is* the best. You hire a porter. You look after your own luggage. At your destination you claim it in person. It is not at all necessary to put your head out of the compartment at every stop and cry, like the Irishman: "Gyard! Is me tronk all right?"

Trudeau (who has been waiting with fortitude for a chance to continue). Of course not. Now, then—the American system! You are bound, say, from New York to San Francisco. You buy your railway ticket, indicate your baggage to a baggage-master with a pencil stuck in his ear and a bunch of tags in his hands. He gives you a brass check. In a week you are in San Francisco. You haven't seen or heard of your blessed trunk since you left New York; yet there it is, safe and sound. And all that is required of you in San Francisco is that brass check. *Now* what have you to say?

Stevenson (who is cornered, but hates to admit it). We-ell . . . *(He puffs great clouds of cigarette smoke and walks up and down greatly agitated. Then, with a burst of exasperation).* That is just you Americans all over! Checks! Checks! Checks!! You eat on the check system. You hang your hat on the check system. Why, an American can't even speak of *dying* without saying that he "hands in his checks"!

Trudeau (twenty-five years later). He had me that time.

After such an animated discussion one may picture Dr. Trudeau as he tramps down

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the road to his own house, a muffled figure in coonskin cap and coat, his thick moccasins crunching on the frozen snow under the clear, snapping stars of the Adirondack midwinter, and vowing never to darken the Penny Piper's door again!

But next day Dr. Trudeau would remember that Stevenson was a sick man, that he was his physician, and that it was his duty to go and see his patient even if he could never meet him again as a friend. If he didn't go, no doubt the Penny Piper would be sitting in that eight-by-ten room with the piano and the cot and the table and the penny whistle, and with all the air excluded through the keyhole by cigarette smoke and sideward displacement.

Probably about the same time Stevenson would be blowing from his whistle that mournful Jacobite air to which he fitted "Sing me a song of a lad that is gone," and wondering whether he ought not to put on his buffalo coat and Indian moccasins and carry the hatchet to the Doctor for burial.

If it happened that he did not go, the Doctor would come sooner or later—professionally, of course! Robert Louis would receive him like a prince. Each would admit that the other was possibly right about the baggage system, except, perhaps, that—

And as like as not they would start in just where they had left off; or, if that subject were exhausted, take up another for argument, such as whether, according to Trudeau's theory, it were not wiser to conserve the health by observing moderation (say in the use of cigarettes), or, according to Stevenson's theory, regard ill health as something altogether outside a man and death merely a possibility of any minute and from any of a number of unexpected causes.

In this connection it is interesting to hear what Dr. Trudeau has to say about Stevenson's death in Samoa in 1894. It has been said that he died of tuberculosis. It has been said that he died of apoplexy.

"He did not die of tuberculosis," says Dr. Trudeau, "as I made a point of finding out. I have no documentary evidence that he died of anything else, but all the despatches from Samoa agreed that it was cerebral apoplexy.

"Yet it is a mistake to say that he never had tuberculosis. Although, while I took care of him, he had none of the active symptoms, such as hemorrhage, or fever, or tubercle bacilli, present, yet he undoubtedly had had tuberculosis. It may have become active again after he left Saranac, so there is no telling just how much that disease may have contributed to his mortal illness at Samoa."

Regarding a theory brought forward some months ago in a prominent medical publication, and copied extensively in the newspapers, that the morbid phase of Stevenson's genius was caused by tubercular toxin in his blood, Dr. Trudeau laughs heartily. If anything could be named to account for the production of such strange or morbid tales as "Jekyll and Hyde," "Olalla," and "The Merry Men," it would be the Celtic corpuscles in his blood!

The horrible fascination of the supernatural for the Scot is well known. The fearful fascination of the sea, as exploited in "The Merry Men," is also a characteristic of the high northern races, especially of the Scottish Highlanders, who in ancient days drew an infusion of blood from the Vikings. There was evidence of the Viking strain in Stevenson and his seagoing forefathers. Race toxin is the only influence his blood may have brought to his writings.

While on the subject, it is hardly necessary to state that Stevenson was much interested in the admirable work Dr. Trudeau was even then doing in tuberculosis research. Unfortunately, while on paper the Penny Piper could deal so beautifully with the philosophy of illness and death, his own physical weakness, and that personal sensitiveness which he so ably embodied in young Weir of Hermiston, compelled in him a horror of the material facts. He did not fish or hunt, because he could not bear the sight of suffering and death, even in animals that are regarded as fair game.

Imagine, then, what happened when, in a heroic moment, Stevenson ventured into Dr. Trudeau's laboratory, where the little guinea-pigs were being immortalized for the ultimate benefit of humanity and humaneness. Had Stevenson lived to hear the anti-vivisection uproar of recent years, the zoöphiles might have offered him their permanent chairmanship. But if we know anything of the Penny Piper's spirit, we fancy he would have refused it. The fact that he himself suffered imaginative agonies of sympathy for the guinea-pigs did not in the least becloud his vision of the end toward which sacrifice of some sort, not necessarily of blood, is ever the only means.

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Here is the guinea-pig story, which illustrates the theory.

One day the Penny Piper's genius was deeply stirred. The whistle had been silent all morning, for it was a great thought he had seized upon. It was that of the lantern-bearers, the playful Scottish boys who carried bull's-eyes under their jackets and occasionally flashed them upon astonished passers-by. You could not see the lanterns, but it was a secret joy to each lad to know that he had his under cover, even if his whole being did reek of oil.

Ah! it was a grand thought, this of the light under the bushel that smelled of oil, and in his little room the Penny Piper's pen moved slowly and steadily over the paper.

> . . . Not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark, and all the while deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

When it was finished, the Penny Piper remembered that Dr. Trudeau had promised to show him the mysteries of his laboratory. Still aglow with the high thoughts of "The Lantern-Bearers," Stevenson put on his buffalo coat and hurried away through the snow.

The sight of the grave scientist bending over his work in that strange place of crucibles and tubes stirred the dreamer's enthusiasm afresh. Here was the thought materialized—the man with the bull's-eye, thinking less of fame than of the moment's task allotted. The Penny Piper told his friend of the day's work, talking as only he talked, every muscle and facial expression in action, his eyes aglow, and his long arms gesturing in illustration. But suddenly he remembered why he had come to the laboratory.

"Now, Trudeau," said he, "let me see *your* light!"

Dr. Trudeau picked up a tube containing a sickly-looking liquid.

"The scum you see in this tube," said he, "is consumption. It is the cause of more human suffering than anything else in the world. We can *produce* tuberculosis in the guinea-pig with it, and if we could *cure* tuberculosis in the guinea-pig, this great burden of human suffering might be lifted from the world."

Then he told of his own experiments upon guinea-pigs with cultures of tubercle bacilli, and produced charts showing results that made similar symptoms in the human case comprehensible, and more combatable. He pointed to a row of large stoppered bottles containing tuberculous organs of guinea-pigs, ghastly evidences of the destroyer's poison. With a bottle in his hand, Trudeau turned to his very silent companion and—found that Robert Louis Stevenson had vanished!

Astonished and puzzled, the medical scientist laid down his charts and went in search of the Penny Piper. He found him in the open air, leaning against a veranda post and looking very pale.

Trudeau (rushing to his side). Stevenson, are you ill?

Stevenson (swallowing hard). N-no.

Trudeau. You don't look well. How do you feel?

Stevenson (with a brave but sickly smile). Trudeau, I know—I know your lamp is very bright, but—to me it smells of oil like the devil!

The Penny Piper was fair above all things, however, and he generously admitted that the fact of an oil smell upsetting a particular stomach did not dim the luster of a particular light.

Seven years after Stevenson's death, Thomas Bailey Aldrich came to Saranac Lake on account of the illness of his son Charles. He lived in a cottage on the side of Mount Pisgah that overlooked the "hat-box" where the Penny Piper lived thirteen years before.

In a letter to William Dean Howells at this time (December, 1901) Aldrich wrote:

"We are very literary up here. Why did Hutton go to Jerusalem for 'Literary Landmarks' when he might have found plenty of them in the Adirondacks? Among others who have left footprints on the sands of time are Stillman, Emerson, and Stevenson."

Referring to Mr. Howells's admission that up to that time he had never read a novel of Stevenson's, Mr. Aldrich wrote in the same letter:

"You have missed an entertaining writer, though not a great one."

In passing, it may be mentioned that that dear fiction about Richard Mansfield visiting the Baker cottage and acting "Jekyll and Hyde" for the author's benefit is without foundation. Our talkative Penny Piper would surely have mentioned such an event in his letters to Henry James, or J. A. Symonds, or Sidney Colvin. Certainly he could hardly have helped doing so had the incident occurred to his collaborator in dramas, W. E.

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Henley. But he did not. Dr. Trudeau has no knowledge of such a visit. Andrew Baker, Stevenson's landlord, thinks that the persistent tale grew out of the visit of a dramatic agent of Boston, who came to Saranac Lake in the hope of procuring certain dramatic rights from Stevenson.

As to Stevenson's being "not very popular," to revert to a suggestion in one of Mr. Aldrich's letters, he had little in common coin with the "natives" of that time, and the social, literary, and intellectual circle was limited. He was highly popular among those in the little colony who could appreciate him; and interesting, though few, are the *true* stories touching his social intercourse at this time.

One dinner of unusual ceremony may have suggested to Stevenson the sentence, "I have learned to move among pompous menials without much terror, never without much respect."

At this particular dinner Stevenson was not in evening dress. The Penny Piper was notoriously unconventional in attire. Besides, as Aldrich mentioned later, "the Saranackers don't dress for dinner, they dress for breakfast," and did not Stevenson assure Will H. Low that he was "a rank Saranacker, a wild man of the woods"?

Anyway, the dinner was a fine affair. The butler appeared at an appropriate moment and elevated a single eyebrow to convey that madam was served. As there were more gentlemen present than ladies, Dr. Trudeau "took in" Stevenson. As the Doctor playfully offered his arm, the Penny Piper clutched it in a kind of panic.

Trudeau. What's the matter?
Stevenson. Honest, now—aren't you scared?
Trudeau. Well, not exactly scared; impressed, perhaps.
Stevenson (shaking his head). Trudeau, this sort of thing always gives me stage-fright. I'm scared to death!

It was after one less imposing dinner that Stevenson expressed his terror of a hero-worshiping admirer. She was of the type that qualifies everything with superlatives. All through the evening she kept assuring the Penny Piper that "Jekyll and Hyde" was the "weirdest," "Treasure Island" the "loveliest," and "Will o' the Mill" the "sweetest"—ever!

The moment Stevenson escaped, he sought Dr. Trudeau's protection.

"I don't mind the Great Unwashed," he whispered tragically. "It's the Great *Washed* I dread!"

From the literary standpoint the most interesting story of the Penny Piper and his friends in Saranac has to do with the genesis of "The Master of Ballantrae" and the beginning of the real Stevenson woman in fiction.

Up to this time the women in his books, excepting Jim Hawkins's mother in "Treasure Island," had been somewhat of stage types. Jim Hawkins's mother was true, but Stevenson had his own deeply honest and just mother to draw from. There was an elusive girl in "The Merry Men," but she was shadowy; and in "Prince Otto" Seraphina and Madame von Rosen were incased in court artifice. He had not yet touched the deep springs of natural womanhood.

To appreciate the far-reaching effects of the incident that brought the Penny Piper's magic pen to the true delineation of women in his later works, it is necessary to begin at Saranac with "The Master of Ballantrae" and to show how General Custer's widow injected a failure into that book. But it was a failure upon which success was to be built.

Even as at Saranac the plot of "The White Feather" flashed upon Thomas Bailey Aldrich "out of a blue sky of idleness," so came the genesis of "Ballantrae" to the Penny Piper. In Stevenson's own words, this is how it was:

I was walking one night on the veranda of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders; a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly in the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. . . .

"Come," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilization. . . ."

Shortly after that December night he was again at a dinner-party. Most of the little colony were present, but for my purposes it is only needful to mention Mrs. Custer, Dr. Trudeau, and Robert Louis Stevenson. After the soup, Mrs. Custer opened fire upon the Penny Piper.

Mrs. Custer. Now why is it, Mr. Stevenson, that you never put a *real* woman in any of your stories?

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Stevenson (with twinkling gravity). Madam, I have little knowledge of Greek.

Mrs. Custer. But you have *some* knowledge of women, surely! Why, you have been a married man these seven years!

Stevenson. With the result, Mrs. Custer, that I have forgotten all the Greek I ever knew.

Mrs. Custer. But the public expects it of you, and the feminine portion demands it. Come! When are we to be introduced to the Stevenson woman in fiction?

Stevenson (with sudden enthusiasm). Mrs. Custer! I promise you there shall be a woman in my next book!

The Penny Piper regretted his rash gallantry before the close of the evening. Later he confided his fears to Dr. Trudeau.

Trudeau. I've often wondered, Stevenson, but never thought to ask: Why *do* you never put a real woman in a story?

Stevenson. Good heavens! Trudeau, when I have tried I find she talks like a grenadier!

Nevertheless, he kept his promise to Mrs. Custer, and the result is that wooden effigy in "The Master of Ballantrae," who is called, for identification's sake, Clementina Durie.

But the ice was broken, and from this point the evolution of the real Stevenson woman in fiction is interesting to trace. Jim Pinkerton's wife in "The Wrecker" is true, but dim. Catriona in "David Balfour" is better—much; but both are girls. It is not until we meet Uma in "The Beach of Falesa" and a full-grown heroine in "St. Ives" that we begin to find boldness and accuracy in his strokes.

For this, as for many other reasons, what a pity that death stayed his hand in "Weir of Hermiston," for in the elder Kirstie he was etching a masterpiece of deep womanhood—"a severe case of middle age." But the work had progressed far enough to indicate beyond cavil that "Greek" might safely be added to his accomplishments.

Stevenson's place in the memory of Saranac Lake is unique. The people have forgotten the actual face of the man; and the record of his life there—of the many little things not down on the page of conventional literary history—is becoming obliterated by time.

Seldom does a visitor make pilgrimage to that little room under the eastern gable where the Penny Piper tootled on his whistle and penned golden letters in the intervals. And a stuffed coon mounted on a block of wood hides the holes burned in Mrs. Baker's mantelpiece.

But the echo of the magic pipe is still in the air, although the Penny Piper has vanished. There is no place where his works are more popular for their own sake, aside from their author's having lived there; for in all the world there is no place that needs and benefits by his brave creed of living more than Saranac Lake. It is a place of patient suffering, of ships that sometimes pass in the night. It is, like Stevenson personally, something of a tragedy, but, as in the case of the Penny Piper, none would ever know it except from acute contact and observation.

There are over one thousand persons in that Adirondack village, brought there by the same chance that led Robert Louis Stevenson to the hills; and if they would keep their courage strong and their faith in the world's goodness intact, their view-point must of necessity be that which Stevenson engraved upon the rocks of Mount Baker. It was indeed "big medicine" for the aftercomers that the Penny Piper made in the little house up the road.

No one asserts that the brief passage of Stevenson through one Saranac winter is wholly responsible for that atmosphere of peace and good will which is a peculiar and seemingly unchangeable characteristic of that mountain village. But what he wrote while there has a tremendous application there, and Dr. Trudeau has pressed the application with that of his own broad humanity. The result is startling to the newcomer—a place with an atmosphere distinctively its own.

It would take a genius to define this atmosphere, but the genius of Thomas Bailey Aldrich did it when, the shadow of his son's doom hanging heavily upon him, he could yet write to William Dean Howells:

"There's a charm about the place. There's something in the air to heal the heart of sorrow."

The works of the Penny Piper are ever in demand at the village library, but there is one book in that institution which none may borrow, or even touch. It is "Morley Ernstein," by G. P. R. James.

A few months ago the librarian was looking over Stevenson's "Letters," when he came upon one to Mr. E. L. Burlingame. In it the Penny Piper feverishly asked for certain works of "dear old G. P. R."

"This return to an ancient favorite," wrote the Piper, "hangs upon an accident. The Franklin County Library contains two works of his, 'The Cavalier' and 'Morley Ernstein.' I read the first with indescribable

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amusement—it was worse than I feared, and yet somehow engaging; the second (to my surprise) was better than I dared hope; a good, honest, dull, interesting tale."

The librarian laid down the volume of letters, and walked to the shelf where the remaining tatters of G. P. R. should be. "The Cavalier" was gone—long since defunct; but there was the "Morley Ernstein," yellowed and falling to pieces with age, for none had thought it fit to read since the days of the Penny Piper.

There followed a sudden demand for "Morley Ernstein," by G. P. R. James, but the librarian was firm. Morley is now an honored pensioner, withdrawn from common traffic.

The creed of the Penny Piper is almost a rule of mental conduct laid down for patients, not only by specialists of Saranac Lake but by many of the medical fraternity elsewhere. There is a case on record of a young man who arrived in the village with the usual excuse for arriving. He was examined by the physician, who presently asked the new patient whether his New York physician had prescribed anything.

"Yes," said the patient, and he produced this prescription:

℞ Fresh air.
" eggs.
Read Robert Louis Stevenson.
POTTER, M.D.

"Continue to take!" said Dr. Allen.

The influence of Dr. Trudeau upon the methods of anti-tuberculosis fighters is not without a suggestion of the influence of Stevenson upon Trudeau. When, as President of the Eighth Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Trudeau addressed his fellows at Washington, he thus paid tribute to the Penny Piper of Saranac, who had seen the light in his laboratory away back in the dark days:

> Let us not, therefore, quench the faith nor turn from the vision which, whether we own it or not, we carry, as Stevenson's lantern-bearers their lanterns, hidden from the outer world, and, thus inspired, many will reach the goal; and if for most of us our achievements inevitably fall short of our ideals, if when age and infirmity overtake us "we come not within sight of the castle of our dream," nevertheless all will be well with us; for, as Stevenson tells us rightly, "to travel *hopefully* is better than to arrive, and the true success is in labor."

THE NEW BOOKS

Cahusac Mystery (The). By K. and Hesketh Prichard. The Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. $1.25.

A murder mystery, a little on the model set by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's stories in that it has international politics in the background. The tale has more literary merit and is more carefully written than most books of its class.

Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol (The). By W. J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Not strictly a novel, but, as the title foreshadows, a series of narratives of the odd and amusing things that happened to one Aristide, courier, traveling salesman, picture-dealer, wanderer—a scamp without any meanness or wickedness in him, resourceful as a Yankee, and as clever in getting out of scrapes as he is reckless in getting into them. Withal, Aristide has a warm heart and a generous hand. The book is lively in invention, rapid in action, and full of fun.

Smoke Bellew. By Jack London. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

"Smoke" is a cultivated young man and a bit of a *dilettante*. He gets pitchforked into the hard life of the Klondike, and his adventures there are both stirring and amusing; they range from breaking the bank at roulette to an elopement with the beauteous daughter of the Scottish chief of a tribe of Indians in an unknown and inaccessible country; the girl practically starves herself to death that he may survive, and dies in his arms—so in a page or two he marries the other girl! It cannot be said that the incidents are probable, but the picture of Klondike life is obviously true and the grip of the story-telling is so strong that the book is likely to have a large number of readers.

Memories of James McNeill Whistler. By Thomas R. Way. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

This is the latest contribution to Whistleriana. The author is the son of the English lithographer who had to do with Whistler's lithographic attempts. As is natural, then, the emphasis in the present volume is laid upon that form of art. And in this lies its chief interest—a real interest. As to its biographic merits, however, the less said the better.

My Love and I. By Martin Redfield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Distinctly superior to the average run of fiction in that the author evidently cares greatly to

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make his story reflect life truly. The events recorded in the lives of the novelist Martin and the impractical, high-visioned poet Blake are unusual and the love interest is strong in itself and subtle also in its treatment. The problems of Martin's marriage failure are presented delicately but vividly, and his love for another woman than his sordid wife is made to strengthen his character instead of weakening it. The novel has quiet humor.

Boy's Playbook of Science (The). By John Henry Pepper. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Physics in popular form, with hundreds of pictures and an immense number of directions for experiments in electricity, the wireless, air navigation, chemistry, and so on. The idea is to give boys the how and why of science in a way to attract them by the simple treatment.

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

This is a suggestive volume, and yet it is unsatisfactory. In truth, any book about mountains is rather unsatisfactory. For there are certain things which must be felt; they cannot be described. When the author tries to describe the Swiss towns he is more successful. But even here the text seems trite. It is useful, nevertheless, as has been said, because of its suggestiveness.

With Dante in Modern Florence. By Mary E. Lacy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.60.

The Dante lover will welcome this book. But why modern Florence? Because this is the Florence we know. To find Dante there we must regard Florence as a kind of manuscript which has been covered over with new writing by later scribes. Underneath lies the original manuscript. If we search for traces of the Divine Poet, we may find them. And if we take this author as our guide, we may easily find them.

Story of Santiago de Compostela. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.75.

To the well-known series of little books about "Mediæval Towns," which now includes something like thirty volumes, has been added one on the ancient Spanish town of Santiago. Historically this story reaches back more than a thousand years, and it has interesting legends and traditions relating to the early Church, to the invasion by the Moors, and to the enormous pilgrimages in the Middle Ages, and even in the seventeenth century, which were made to the shrines of Compostela. The book, like its companion volumes, is charmingly illustrated.

Fresh Air and How to Use It. By Thomas Spees Carrington, M.D. National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York. $1.

A practical volume has been prepared by Dr. Thomas S. Carrington, and it has the indorsement of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Through its photographs and descriptions it tells how to make temporary and permanent sleeping porches, roof bungalows, tents, and loggias, as well as how to plan for open-air apartments in building new houses. The popular interest in this subject has been very great for the last two or three years. The book meets a real demand for advice and information.

Rambles in the Pyrenees. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

Readers of Mr. Hamilton Jackson's two volumes "On the Shores of the Adriatic" will welcome a new book by him. It is similar in size and binding to the others. But let intending readers have a care. From the title of the present volume they might expect a comprehensive description of the Pyrenees. Mr. Jackson, however, describes only one side of the mountains—the French. Nor is his description comprehensive. It is almost entirely restricted to the architectural monuments—and the most notable architectural monuments in that part of the world are almost exclusively ecclesiastical. If one consults the volume for information on this particular topic, he will be well repaid; but the book's title should certainly be changed; it should really be "The Plans, Drawings, and Elevations of Pyrenean Churches, with a Commentary on the Same."

Montessori System in Theory and Practice (The). By Dr. Theodate L. Smith. Harper & Brothers, New York. 60 cents.

This book by Professor Smith, of Clark University, is to be commended to the attention of those who feel an interest in the much-talked-of educational methods of Maria Montessori. It is a simple description of what is actually done by Dr. Montessori herself, and is illustrated by excellent photographs. The author adds an interesting account of educational experiments carried on in an American open-air kindergarten.

Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris. By John Joseph Conway, M.A. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

The present year has brought forth a great field of "gossipy" books about French history in general, and Paris in particular. The latest is Mr. John Joseph Conway's. In this volume Paris and France take second place; our interest is almost wholly centered upon the compatriots described by Mr. Conway—Franklin, Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, Monroe, Tom Paine, Paul Jones, Fulton, Samuel F. B. Morse, William Morris Hunt, Longfellow, Margaret Fuller, Saint-Gaudens, Dr. Evans, Whistler.

Men and Manners of Modern China. By J. MacGowan. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Mr. MacGowan has lived in China for more than half a century. He declares that the Chinese are both a lovable and a great people, and he has written this volume to show the reasons for his convictions.

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BY THE WAY

During the past twelve months, says the "American Agriculturist," the farmer has received for a list of ten staple products from 38 to 68 per cent more than the average price during a period of forty-three years. Farmers will not complain, the "Agriculturist" thinks, if the abundant crops of this year result in somewhat lower prices.

An odd kind of cure for insanity is illustrated in "Collier's." It consists of a sham battle, in which several hundred patients of an institution in California are reported to have participated. The picture shows the blowing up of an imitation blockhouse. Five patients are said to have been sent home cured after the battle! Of course amusements are a good thing for the insane, but are the intensely exciting scenes of war likely permanently to help minds that have been deranged by overexcitement?

That persistent yachtsman Sir Thomas Lipton is coming to America, it is reported, to try to make arrangements for another attempt to "lift the cup." We wish him success—in making the arrangements.

Brazil, according to a lecturer at the International Rubber Conference in New York City, was the original rubber-producing country of the world, but was slow to appreciate the value of her vast rubber forests. Seeds from her rubber trees have been used to grow trees in many other countries, but now it is forbidden to export these seeds. Cultivated rubber sells to-day for twenty-two cents a pound more than wild rubber, and Brazil herself is beginning to cultivate the rubber tree.

The recent typhoon in Japan is reported to have been the worst in fifty years. In some respects it was the worst in a thousand years, for it caused the collapse of the noted shrine of Kasuga, erected in Nara, the ancient capital of Japan, probably in the eighth century.

Record-breaking enterprise is scarcely to be looked for in a newspaper with the placid name of the "Christian Science Monitor," but, so the September number of the "Linotype Bulletin" declares, this distinction was fairly earned by that paper at the Chicago Republican Convention. The "Monitor," whose home is in Boston, installed at Chicago a complete daily newspaper plant for issuing a facsimile of its home edition, and its issue of extras was "practically a continuous performance." A circulation of 60,000 copies a day was attained for this paper during its life of one week.

A poster with the words "No hunting or shooting allowed within city limits," lately put up in certain districts of New York City, may some day be of great interest to the antiquarian, as showing conditions of life in that metropolis in the year 1912. The League of American Sportsmen has put up the posters to protect quail and other birds that are still found occasionally in the Bronx.

Should words be pronounced according to the dictionaries or according to custom? a Western subscriber asks. Ought an American to say bäth or bath? gläss or glass? The best usage, it is admitted, determines English pronunciation; but is it the usage of one's neighbors or of the London literati? It would seem natural to give more weight to the practice of the nearer body of experts. In case, however, one's neighbors say *mu*-seum and *ly*-ceum, the courageous orthoepist will try to change the practice by fighting it out for mu-*se*-um and ly-*ce*-um.

The Hon. Hosea W. Parker, of Claremont, New Hampshire, so a subscriber writes, has an even longer record for attendance at Sunday-school than Mr. S. W. Winterton, of Keyport, New Jersey. Mr. Parker has been superintendent of the Universalist Sunday-school in Claremont, our informant states, for over fifty-one years. And Mr. Thomas Fitton, of Hamilton, Ohio, has attended the First Methodist Sunday-school for sixty-eight years!

A curious desert plant is described by Captain Haywood, of the British army, in his recently published book "Across the Great Sahara." This is called by the Arabs "acheb," and its peculiar characteristic is that it springs up only in a year when rain falls in the desert. The seed seems never to die. It merely rests in the ground, waiting for the requisite fall of rain. The locality may have no rain for ten years, yet the seed germinates when rain does eventually come. "Acheb" is very nourishing, and is eagerly devoured by camels. Why not import some of it for our own dry regions?

The Half Moon, the replica of Hudson's ship which was presented to this country by Holland for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, has now been given a permanent anchorage in the Hudson River near Yonkers. It will prove an interesting sight to all travelers and excursionists on this splendid river, which the most widely traveled Americans never cease to regard with enthusiasm.

While prices for meat in America are abnormally high, they have not reached the level of prices in Germany. A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" says that in Berlin during August beef was forty-five cents a pound and mutton forty-seven. We have not yet had recourse to the German substitute for these meats, horseflesh; in Berlin during the first half of the year 5,924 horses were slaughtered for food.

An automobile air spring has now been placed on the market, says a mechanical contemporary, after three years of experimentation. "The object of the inventor was to make possible thoroughly comfortable and fast riding over the roughest pavements and roads." It is to be hoped that the announced success of the new device will not dampen the ardor of the good roads movement, for the sake of those who still must ride in last year's cars, or even in horse-drawn vehicles.

A prism glass bulb for tungsten electric lamps has been patented. It is said to diffuse the dazzling light from the tungsten filament without incurring the loss of illumination which accompanies the use of shades or ground glass bulbs, and thus to furnish a more agreeable as well as more economical light.

One of the largest estates ever administered without a will was that of the late John Arbuckle, of Brooklyn, New York, who left $30,000,000, which will go to his next of kin. The size of the estate shows that a pretty good business man is sometimes careless or indifferent about what becomes of his property after his decease.

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